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ABSTRACT

One of a series of 20 literary magazine profiles written to help faculty advisors wishing to start or improve their publication, this profile provides information on staffing and production of "Flight," the magazine published by St. Edward High School, Cleveland, Ohio. The introduction describes the literary magazine contest (and criteria), which was sponsored by the National Council of Teachers of English and from which the 20 magazines were chosen. The remainder of the profile--based on telephone interviews with the advisor, the contest entry form, and the two judges' evaluation sheets--discuss (1) the magazine format, including paper and typestyles; (2) selection and qualifications of the students on staff, as well as the role of the advisor in working with them; (3) methods used by staff for acquiring and evaluating student submissions; (4) sources of funding for the magazine, including fund raising activities if applicable, and production costs; and (5) changes and problems occurring during the advisor's tenure, and anticipated changes. The 1984 issue of the magazine is appended. (HTH)

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AN EXEMPLARY HIGH SCHOOL LITERARY MAGAZINE: FLIGHT

Compiled by

Hilary Taylor Holbrook

INTRODUCTION

In 1984, the National Council of Teachers of English began a national competition to recognize student literary magazines from senior high, junior high, and middle schools in the United States, Canada, and the Virgin Islands. Judges in the state competitions for student magazines were appointed by state leaders who coordinated the competition at the state level.

The student magazines were rated on the basis of their literary quality (imaginative use of language; appropriateness of metaphor, symbol, imagery; precise word choice; rhythm, flow of language), types of writing included (poetry, fiction, nonfiction, drama), quality of editing and proofreading, artwork and graphic design (layout, photography, illustrations, typography, paper stock, press work), and frontmatter and pagination (title page, table of contents, staff credits). Up to 10 points were also either added for unifying themes, cross-curricular involvement, or other special considerations, or subtracted in the case of a large percentage of outside professional and/or faculty involvement.

In the 1984 competition, 290 literary magazines received ratings of "Above average," 304 were rated "Excellent," and 44

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earned "Superior" ratings from state contest judges. On the basis of a second judging, 20 of the superior magazines received the competition's "Highest Award."

As a special project, the ERIC Clearinghouse on Reading and Communication Skills has selected 20 magazines from those receiving "Superior" ratings to serve as models for other schools wishing to start or improve their own student literary magazines. The profiles of these magazines are based on the faculty advisor's contest entry sheet, the judges' evaluation sheets, and interviews with the faculty advisors. Where possible, the magazines themselves have been appended. Information for ordering copies of the magazines is contained at the end of each profile.

FLIGHT

St. Edward High School

Cleveland, Ohio

Principal: Brother William Dygert, C.S.C.

Faculty Moderator: Brother Joseph Chvala, C.S.C.

1984 Student Editor: John Guardi

"I watched him gently glide and soar and dive
So far above our shallow earthly cares.
And buoyant on the softly flowing air
He showed me what it means to be alive...."

"Sonnet to Flight"

Gregory Van Niel

St. Edward student and Flight staff member

St. Edward High School is a four-year Catholic school for boys, located in the suburban Cleveland community of Lakewood. The school draws students from the greater Cleveland area, so that its 1,425 students come from all socioeconomic and ethnic backgrounds. The students at St. Edward have published their literary magazine, Flight, since 1954.

To encourage continued financial support from the school administration, as well as to encourage creative writing at the elementary school level and to create better public relations, the school conducts two creative writing projects for boys in

some 31 Catholic elementary schools in the Cleveland area. "A Haiku Celebration" for sixth grade boys is now in its eleventh year, while for seventh grade boys, "Flight Jr.," named for St. Edward's magazine is now in its seventeenth year. Selections are evaluated by St. Edward's literary magazine moderator, and each of these projects culminates in both a publication of the winning works and award ceremonies for the authors.

FORMAT: SILVER CROWN AWARD

Measuring 9" x 6" wide, the 1984 issue of Flight is 86 perfect bound pages printed on white felt finish paper. The wraparound illustration on the white coated cover depicts several seagulls in flight. Past covers have been illustrated with various kinds of birds, all in keeping with the flight theme. The magazine title appears in 18 point Avant Garde Gothic Book Condensed typeface. A variety of typefaces is used within the text, including Aldus Italic for poetry, Century for fiction, Spartan for haiku, and Times Roman for nonfiction.

Black and white photographs, some of them two-pages, complement the text and, in some instances, the printing is burned over the photograph. In addition to short stories and poetry, Flight includes an interview, a feature essay, foreign language poetry, and excerpts of correspondence with notable world figures. This array of writing earned the 1984 issue a Silver Crown Award from the Columbia Scholastic Press Association.

A distinctive feature of Flight that began with the 1969 edition is the written contributions of eminent literary figures

and other famous living persons. The 1984 topic for this feature was "What do you think is the greatest challenge facing young adults today?" Respondents to this question included economists Milton and Rose Friedman, author William Golding, poet John Ashbery, and "renaissance man" R. Buckminster Fuller. Mr. Fuller's remarks are a small portion of a long correspondence carried on with Flight in 1975-76.

Each year the staff tries to include some sort of innovation in the magazine. For example, the 1985 issue boasted a colored cover and centerspread, with a photo essay, while the 1984 edition included unusual writing forms, such as poetry with repeated lines, "terse
verse," and word games.

PRODUCTION: SERVICE RECORD

With the exception of printing and input from the printer to resolve technical problems, Flight is entirely student produced. Brother Joseph Chvala, who has been the magazine moderator for 16 years, is available to students for any assistance they may need. His assistance, however, takes the form of suggestions and is minimal.

Any student interested in working on the magazine may do so, and approximately 40 to 45 students volunteer at the beginning of the year. The selection of those who are actually listed in the magazine as staff members, however, is based on the students' service records. Brother Joseph feels this is "probably the best system" the staff has ever devised. Each student keeps a log of the time he or she spends working on the magazine. At the end of

the production, the editors then determine who has qualified as a staff member based on the amount of work performed. Usually 16 to 18 students qualify. In this way, no student is turned away from the staff, but neither is any student included just for showing up at the first few meetings. The editorial staff for the following year is selected by the general staff members.

SUBMISSIONS: "WRITE FOR FLIGHT"

Having a work published in Flight is somewhat of a status symbol, and, according to Brother Joseph, students "vie to get things in." Hearing fellow students talking about the magazine also provides impetus for submissions, as the do the subscription drive, "Write for Flight" posters, and announcements on the school public address system, which students operate in the manner of a radio station.

Much of the work submitted is generated from class assignments; some of it is personal writing. An interview with noted journalist Dorothy Fuldheim conducted and reported by a staff member, is accompanied by two photographs of Fuldheim. The interview, as well as other forms of feature writing, was included at the suggestion of the Columbia Scholastic Press Association.

When all submissions are in, staff members sign up for a day of the week during which they wish to work on judging. A member of the editorial staff is there each night to work with students in sorting works into a "live" or "reject" file for each genre of writing. The editorial staff then chooses from the live file those works that will be published. A list of students whose

works received a high rating from the editorial staff but which could not be included in the current issue of Flight for lack of space is published. Awards for best story, best poem, and best article are also given, with winning selections chosen by the student editor.

Brother Joseph observes that "it's interesting to watch how they select among themselves." From time to time a staff member may want the work of friend published, but that is never a major problem--the work either stands on its own merit, or it does not. A staff member may work with another student on a promising piece, suggesting revisions, but never imposing changes. Brother Joseph feels the students have a "very good sense of quality; of good, sound, sensible, moral writing." They also have an excellent sense of correct language, and everything published is edited carefully for clarity and usage. The 1984 edition features an editorial by the student editor lamenting the decline in standard English usage.

FUNDING:

Flight accepts no advertising and no monetary contributions. The magazine receives approximately 30 percent of its funding from the school budget, and the remaining 70 percent from advance sales in the form of subscriptions. The staff produces the 86-page magazine at a cost of $3.37 per copy and sells it for $2.50 each. Approximately 1,000 copies of the magazine are printed. Copies are given free to school directors and teachers.

As mentioned earlier, the "Haiku Celebration" and "Flight Junior" projects are, among other purposes, intended to encourage

the school administration to continue funding the magazine by demonstrating St. Edward's commitment to creative writing.

BENEFITS: FLEDGLING TO ADULT

During the years that Brother Joseph has been moderator for Flight and judge for the elementary school projects, many of those whose works appeared in "Haiku Celebration" and "Flight Jr." have gone on to St. Edward and have contributed works and/or time to Flight. Brother Joseph is convinced of the benefits students accrue from editing and layout experience. "What kids learn...on this does wonders for their composition. We so seldom think of the process as having a lasting effect...." In whatever way the students have learned their writing and editing skills, these skills are quite evident in the quality and composition of their magazine.

**

Copies of Flight may be obtained from

St. Edward High School

13500 Detroit Avenue

Cleveland, OH 44107

Cost: $3.50 (including postage)

FLIGHT '84

st. edward • cleveland

FLIGHT '84

a literary magazine

published annually
since 1954
by the students of

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13500 detroit avenue
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member of the columbia scholastic press association

Those who hope in the Lord
will renew their strength.
They will soar on wings like eagles;
They will run and not grow weary;
They will walk and not grow faint.

Isaiah 40:31

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To Serve, to Strive, and Not to Yield

All of us are somberly sitting around the campfire for our last time together. Over the past three weeks we have grown into one, my patrol, yet we have also grown personally. We experienced both highs and lows together and helped one another when it was necessary. Tonight we are holding the ceremony of being presented with our special honor pins. To receive the pin, one must have gone beyond just going through the motions. You must have followed the motto of Outward Bound: "To serve, to strive, and not to yield."

We all left family, friends, and civilization and journeyed into the Sangre de Cristo mountains to experience Outward Bound, each of us for his or her personal reasons. Mine was to gain esteem and confidence in myself. I went to Colorado a naive, snot-nosed brat who wet his pants whenever faced with a tough decision, and I came out of this rigorous experience a man. As the OB saying goes, "Give us your boy, we will make him a man; and give us your girl, we will make her a boy." One becomes more dependable, unselfish, and conscious of others' needs. The changes may not seem that evident immediately, but I feel the Outward Bound experience will definitely be the catalyst that has changed my outlook on life.

Rappelling is a most invigorating experience in which one descends the side of a sharp cliff by a rope, much as a spider lowers itself on its silk thread. Before attempting this hazardous task, I glanced down the side of the cliff. Apprehensive, I slowly and gradually lowered myself over the lip of the cliff and dropped off.

At the beginning I was wary of the situation into which I was placing myself. Would I enjoy the experience, and would I fit in with everyone else? In no time I came to realize my fears were unfounded. There were times, of course, when the days were less than enjoyable and personalities clashed, but overall I was exhilarated.

Forty participants, mostly teenagers, descended from the cool bus into the hot, arid, mosquito-ridden desert and were hustled to base camp, where they were divided into four patrols. My patrol, dubbed the Rat Patrol, included Kevin from Los Angeles, Pete from New York City, Galen from Denver, Benji from North Carolina, Martha from South Carolina, Sidney from Florida, Brenda from Michigan, Carol from Texas, and Paul from Long Island. This unlikely group was made up of a mother, an artist, a Bohemian, a black, two Jews, a WASP, a shy, quiet boy, and me. Barry, a stringy man of thirty, was to be our instructor. Never would anyone believe that this collection of diverse individuals would soon grow to be close friends.

After we were issued our food and equipment, equipment abused from past use but still functional, we began our trek into the mountains. The patrol groaned and complained, "How are we going to survive on this food?"

Only a couple of days had elapsed before we found ourselves deep within the thick forests abundant with clear, running water, lush vegetation, and wildlife totally unaware that they were supposed to be fearful of man. We were now habitating with nature and had to be careful not to disturb it. The forest did not belong to us but to the animals; thus we kept our camps clean, buried our wastes deep enough for the bacteria to break them up, and never

washed anything in or near the fresh water, streams, or lakes.

We also learned that the higher up we climbed, the more unpredictable the weather became. At almost any time there could break a rain or hail or lightning storm so we had to keep a close eye on the cloud formations. When the storm did break, our only protection was our tarps and rain slickers. These were insufficient, unfortunately, for keeping the brisk winds from stripping us cold and making us miserable.

Our days began long before sunrise and ended shortly after dusk. Once we had eaten our granola or oatmeal along with hot cocoa in the morning, we would begin our long day's hike.

The first week was probably the toughest, since we were inexperienced with the wilderness and mountains, still out of shape, and not yet acclimated to the altitude. This was the week for learning the basics. The Rat Patrol set a couple of days aside to rock climb and rappel. Rappelling is a most invigorating experience in which one descends the side of a sharp cliff by a rope, much as a spider lowers itself on its silk thread. Before attempting this hazardous task, I glanced down the side of the cliff. Apprehensive, I slowly and gradually lowered myself over the lip of the cliff and dropped off. With a jolt the rope became taut. I twirled around seeing the cliff, the lake, the mountains, and then stopped, facing the rocks. Then daringly, hand over hand, I raced to the ground.

The second week began with the resupply down at South Crestone Campsite. We had plenty of time to try out our newly acquired skills, and on July 16 the Rat Patrol became the first Outward Bound patrol ever to conquer the west face of Crestone Peak, the most technically difficult climb in the Sangres. Barry set up the lines when they were necessary and the rest of us worked together to push one another up to the summit. It would seem that the descent would be anticlimactic, but instead we had a ball glacading (skiing without skis) down the snow kular. Next day Barry put us on solo, a three-day, soul-searching experience during which each patrol member consumed nothing but water and was given the time to meditate. In my solitude, the environment was magnified. I could hear the nearby creek and had full view of the San Juan Mountains miles across the valley and the Crestone Peak behind me. I spent my time reflecting on how I had spent my life up until that time and searching for the direction it would take.

Returning to our patrol, we were rejuvenated and then hiked ten miles in one day over difficult terrain, surviving on a quick breakfast and lunch and handfuls of trail mix (a combination of nuts, raisins, and other dried fruits). We slept the night at South Crestone and awoke early to hike through the town of Crestone and on to our resupply. Here we were split into our final patrols, with whom we would take a test on our mountaineering knowledge. Pete from New York City and I represented the Rat Patrol in the Spread Eagles, which was the most challenging test of all — climb the very peak after which our patrol was named. Ken from Denver, Scott from Boulder, and Craig from Florida finished out the patrol.

The first day was plagued with bad weather, preventing us from reaching our planned mileage. Since mileage had to be made up, we hiked twelve miles each of the next two days. Tempers flared when Craig had motivational problems. He was forever complaining, "I can't climb hills!" or "Don't worry about me. I can catch up to you going downhill!" But we would yell, "We can't become separated!" Tempers always cooled though at dinner when we had big portions of hot grub: macaroni and cheese, spaghetti, or pizza.

We were the only patrol to finish at the Beaver Ponds on time. But we overran our destination, so an old couple took us into their cabin and furnished us with candy galore. When we saw the school pickups coming toward us, we thanked Stan and Mary and followed the counselors up the road.

All is ended. Now that the equipment has been collected and we have received our diplomas, little remains except to talk to our friends. There are goodbys and hugging and shaking hands — and a few tears too. When we get off the bus in Denver tomorrow, I will probably never see any of the group again and I may never see the

Sangres again. This I do know — I shall never forget beautiful Colorado and my Outward Bound companions and our adventures. It will be nice to return home to the old familiar lifestyle.

Maybe we'll make doughnuts and popcorn before we turn in tonight. □

Jonathan A. Ross '85

Searching

The great white stallion
Running free
In the fields of tomorrow
Searching for where he belongs.

Victor Kaiser '87

Lucidity

When evening comes and i am still/awake,
Nebulous questioning creeps
and Cohesive forces ebb.
Cloudlight sunstreaks illuminate
Mossy forest ledges—
Iridescence in greenish-yellow glow
and Aura-tinged flora
Below —— ravine verdure breathe
Mist and dawn-burst rays.
Thundercloud dispersion
of Past confusion days.

John Peffer '84

Apples
Soft pink blossoms
Waiting to burst with red
Clinging to the branch of life
Blooming

Martin Joyce '84

Family Portrait

I have a job at a condo pool outside
this summer
day is hot
and I am sitting here watching
some guy
who has it all together
and is taking professional-like photographs
of his little girls.
It must be a brannew Niecon
or Menolta
but whatever the camera is
it certainly makes its owner appear to be a competent
Parent.
First his eight-year-old daughter is posed
upon the low diving board
quite unnaturally
and happily.
Wait— But hey, he knows what he's doing
as he demands she
Stand Up Straight
and Smile
or else,
we'll just go back inside
and forget these
Fun Memories on Film.

There is another, yet younger girl
with four years
and those inflatable arm bubbles
which tell the water and everyone around
that
she sure as hell can't swim
eventhough Daddy Says i Can!
'Enter mommy'
Who
places the bubble-child Photo-gra-phi-cal-ly
on the designated,
Edge of the pool,
place.

I watch this
with much feeling
but little understanding—
as the baby's head
is Twisted
toward the nearby Scenic Lake and trees
by her mother's
Happy Family
hands.
And I can just imagine all the many lovely times they have,
had
and will have had
and will have had saved
Timeless
in pictures.

John Peffer '84

Sonnet to Flight

I watched him gently glide and soar and dive
So far above our shallow earthly cares.
And buoyant on the softly flowing air
He showed me what it means to be alive.
I watched the storm with wind and rain arrive
And grip him in its frozen autumn snare.
The trees of leaves bereft — no shelter there.
Only the will to strive and to survive.

Into a wall of wind I watched him surge.
Until the storm's abating finally let
Him drift and shrink away from out my sight.
But as I saw the hidden sun emerge,
A happy hunter spied my friend and set
His sights on altering the course of flight.

Gregory Van Niel '84

Disposables

Help keep America beautiful
throw away the—
unwanted, useless, and damaged.
Toss it out if it's
broken-down, soiled, or ugly.
Dump it—if it's the wrong
size, shape, or color.
Gum wrappers, cigarette butts, and a
popsicle stick wrapped in a soiled tissue—
and you can also throw away your
unborn baby...

If you want to?

Tom Masterson '84

BEST POEM AWARD

Greg

Last Thursday, walking up the street
from school to my house
It was an excellent day
about 71°
The sky was light blue-azure
with scattered puffs
penciled and precise moving murals
portraying vague-clear figures
Mental imagery
Self-interpreted fantasies

Disengaging the vision
I crossed Franklin (Boulevard)
Walked alongside the grade school
and Munchkin playspace
A yellow bus passed on the road
Inside were publicly financed kids
Its black stenciled side read:
CUYAHOGA COMMUNITY SCHOOLS
Inside were some specially financed kids
I recognized little Greg—
his pudgy, smirking face
his sunken/puffy/shining
mongolian eyes
his two front spaces
I felt warm/giggly/sad and also saw Gretchen
grimacing beyond her confusion
and self-conscious
chrome-plated
shiny leg braces
The bus sped on to Greg's home 13 houses ahead
I got beyond the play park and looked
The bus had stopped
and Greg's mother and sister, Meg, were rushing out to meet and help him home
A car coming down the street had stopped in front of the bus
and another behind
Then

Varrooming up the cool/smooth/traction-worthy black road
came a sleek Trans-Am
with dark-tinted windows to match
its black, shiny exterior
with a sleek gold stripe—so neat
so ex.
so streamlined. . .
Blackie zoomed an asphalt bend, tires squealing on the corner,
and saw immobility ahead
It screeched to a smelly/hot/rubber stop—
from 75 to 0 in 5.6 seconds
Now two behind the bus and one in front
and handi-Kids eagerly watching the
"Screechy" halt
(Greg dismounts into the embracing
miss/love/regret/abandon/self-conscious resignation
of his mother's and sister's kisses)
Then impatience, prompted by foxy/sleek
front right seat peer pressure
brought on a maddening honking
The blaring/scaring blowing caused terrified tearing
(except from those without hearing)
And confused cute children were
Screaming
Greg went home fuzzily questioning
Why? What? Wow! Cry?
Giddy smirk

The bus took off hastily,
the driver hoping the kids would be pacified
by other scenes along the way
I walked further up the street in anger
and disgust
The sleek black dragger waited patiently for space
and took off in style, from 0 to 60.7 in 12 seconds
I envied the kids who would forget
(most of them)
with the next distraction

I gazed above for release
Relieved the repulsion with a nature-force infusion
I noticed the treeline/sky melting
Powder blue with dreamy clouds floating
and their wispy white dissipating
into the comfy 70.36°
And felt a gently cooling breeze flow
And the sense of ease—
Oh, my God!
The enchanting ease.

John Peffer '84

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retired. His days are spent napping on beds or tables or lounging in a sunny spot. Nights are made for patrolling the neighborhood, stalking mice, and socializing.

The years have taken their toll. He has lost his ferocious pansy face of kittenhood. Now he is stately, serene, imperious, regal. One ear is a little ragged. The once svelte body has thickened. The majestic tail is foreshortened, testimony to a door that closed too quickly.

But Mosby the Magnificent, cat among cats, lives on. Hail to you, Mosby! Long may you reign! □

Tom Morris '85

BEST COPY AVAILABLE

Waves

The waves of oceans formin, strong
Wind blows on them, they start along;
They travel on to pebbled shore
They crash on it, and then no more.
Sometimes things turn waves around:
Almost for sure they hit the ground.
Big waves we made will never last;
The shore gets hit with all the blast.
Other waves may start out too,
A wall of water, strong and blue.
One little wave will always be
The lasting memory of you and me.

Jim Bizon '84

Life

Were his days numbered? If so, it mystically seemed that mine were numbered as well. If he were not to come through this alive, I would surely be haunted forever. I felt as if I were lying there in that disheveled hospital bed with him, unconscious and gasping heavily for life.

My cares were light and my worries few in those elementary school days of my pre-adolescence when the terrors of the modern world seemed dreams away. Suddenly, days became shorter and recesses were fewer. My tasks became heavier; responsibilities seemed countless; serious problems evolved from petty disagreements. "Grow up!" adults admonished. I would grow up sooner than I had expected.

A knock came on the classroom door, and a student in the closest seat opened the door abruptly before another knock could follow. The principal entered, a message in her hand, and proceeded to the front of the room to confer briefly in a low tone with my sixth grade teacher. The principal then called out my name and directed me to step out into the hall. My suspicions and apprehensions were aroused immediately. What could I have possibly done now?

"Your mother just called," she began. "Your father has been admitted to the hospital with severe chest pains. A neighbor of yours is on her way to pick you up and take you home to stay with your little brother while your mom goes to the hospital. That is all I know. You may get your books and be ready to leave at once. We will be praying for your dad."

"Thank . . . you," I stammered, shocked, confused. I stumbled back into the room, oblivious of a barrage of whispers from my classmates seated around me.

"Doctor Kenghis, Doctor Kenghis . . . please report to the emergency room immediately." The intercom repeated the call. As anxious as I was to see him, I would rather not have looked upon my father in his present condition. The door of his private room was slightly ajar. I pushed it open slowly to discover a heart monitor elevated above the bed on the wall behind him. There was my mother sitting close to the bed. Lying there in that quiet bed was the body of a man whom I did not know. My father was beyond recognition, who looked even weaker than I felt at that moment. He spoke feebly but reassuringly to Mom and me. Everything was going to be all right. Nothing to worry about. I would be fine. Sounds of labored breathing, silent pauses, and the muffled beep of the monitor became a curiously plaintive lament. It was only when my mother stepped out to talk with the doctor that my father set me straight.

"I hope you're keeping up with your schoolwork," he half inquired. So like Dad, concerned for me.

"Don't worry about me, Dad. I will."

"Better not be giving your mother a hard time either. She's very worried. You know Mom. Try to keep from bothering her. Help her."

"How are you feeling, Dad?" I inquired.

"Not all that bad now," he lied. "They keep me pretty drugged up most of the time." He forced a slight smile.

"You know," he added,trying to sound encouraging, "there is a lot of responsibility that goes along with being a man of the house. You have a lot more to take care of besides school and things. But I'm sure you can handle it." He paused for breath.

I wanted to say something — Yes, Dad, yes, yes — but intuition told me to remain silently near. I waited there until his labored breathing subsided.

"I am sorry that I could not always be there when you needed me, Scott. For that, I am held accountable. Don't let that happen to you. Take the time. Learn from your mistakes. Learn to be a leader, set an example, and live by your principles. Stand up for what you believe in because you can make a difference. Yes, you can. Every single one can make a difference. If only more people would . . . ."

The words came hard, becoming almost inaudible. He mumbled on some more,but I could not make out what the words were that he spoke. Now he drifted off into what seemed a quiet, calm rest.

Tears welled up. I did not even attempt to hold them back. They spilled over, down my cheeks, dripping onto the bed. I was glad he could not see them. Yet standing there alone, wet with tears, I was not ashamed. I remained over the bed for what seemed an interminable length of time, just gazing upon my father breathing heavily, helpless and still, lost in the white folds of the bed, oblivious of my mother. I don't remember my tears drying or my leaving his room.

My father's heart attack was an important growing experience for me, though I was but eleven when that event crossed life's path. I came to realize that he could be taken away from me at any time, even suddenly, with little or no warning. He taught me how precious is the gift of life and, most of all, how short it is. I felt that I could be strong as he was strong, even in the face of death. At his bedside, when he brushed with death, I learned not to be satisfied with merely getting by for the years I was here, but to stand up for what I believe and work hard to attain my goals.

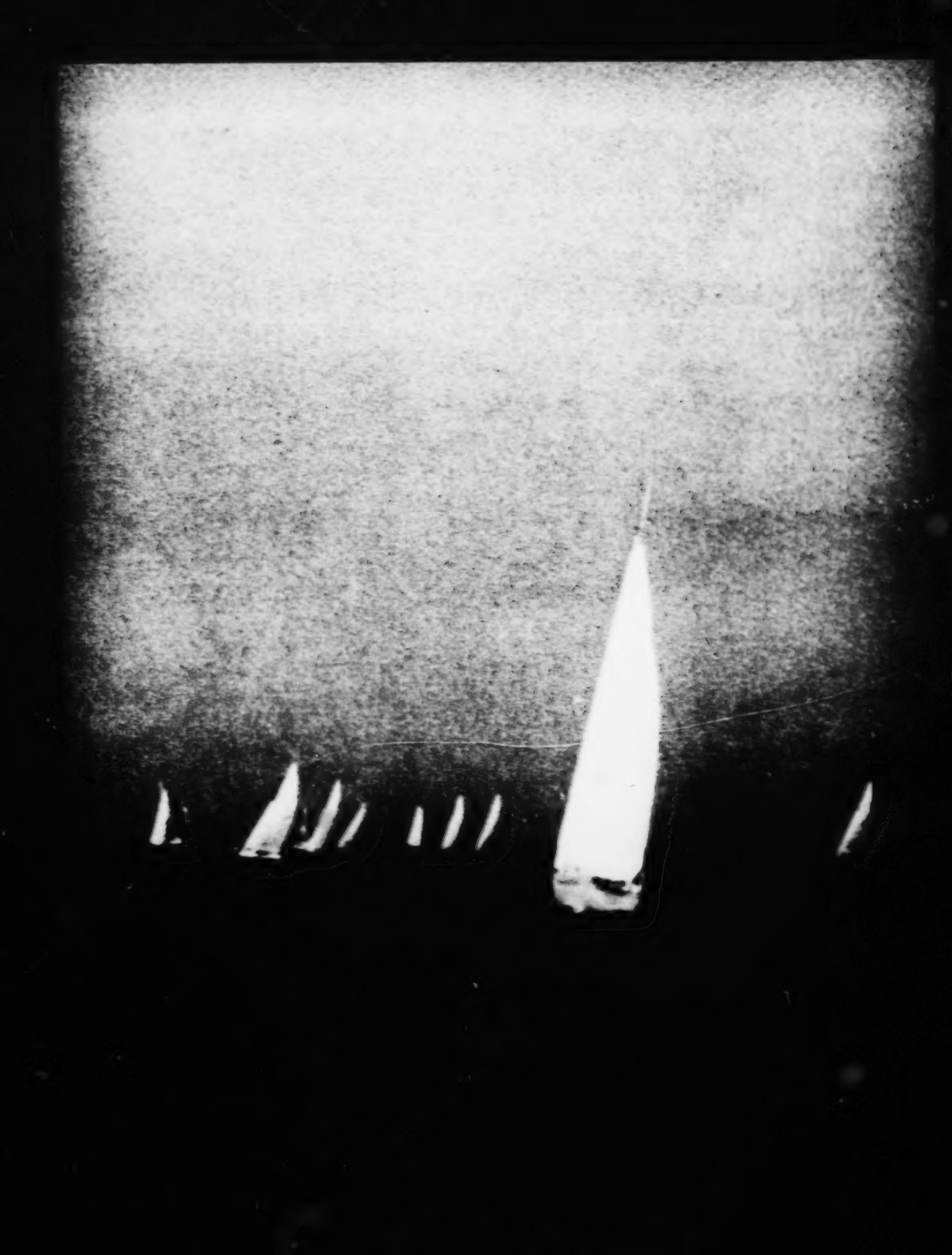
In that dark hospital room in late January, my dad taught me more than I could ever learn in any school and more than I could be taught by anyone else.

Now I know the meaning of life — how wonderful the opportunity, how precious the gift! □

Scott A. Reisz '85

Sailing
battling nature
meeting its challenges
Teaming mind and body
Visions

William Hancock '80



REPEATING
REPEATING
REPEATING

Mothers

Brush your teeth!
Comb your hair
Yes, Mother.
Hang up your coat!
Pick up your clothes!
Yes, Mother.
Clean your room!
Make your bed!
Yes, Mother.
Be home by eleven!
Stay out of trouble!
Yes, Mother.
Fixing my meals.
Curing my hurts.
Great mother.

John McCourt '87

"Clean That Room or — !"

Mom finally had her say
scrape, shovel, throw away
She said it must be done today
scrape, shovel, throw away
Scattered debris from long ago
scrape, shovel, throw away
Where it came from you don't know
scrape, shovel, throw away
Crayons, thread, a ticket stub
scrape, shovel, throw away
Things I find while I grub
scrape, shovel, throw away
Shirts, socks, a tennis shoe
scrape, shovel, throw away
Homework three weeks overdue
scrape, shovel, throw away
Pain, sweat, and a tear
scrape, shovel, throw away
Haven't seen it in a year
scrape, shovel, throw away
Should be close, a little more
scrape, shovel, throw away
I think I see it
Ah ha!
The floor!

Jeff Stolzenburg '86

Sky of a Summer Night

Breathing in the cool night air
gazing gazing gazing
The sky tonight a splendid show
gazing gazing gazing
Picking out the constellations
gazing gazing gazing
Ursa Major, Ursa Minor, Hercules and Orion
gazing gazing gazing
Reflecting gives me consolation
gazing gazing

John Del Busso '86

Merry-Go-Round

Unicorns standing brilliant and bright
Up, down, round and round
Lions and tigers stalking with fright
Up, down, round and round
Majestic stallions with glistening coats
Up, down, round and round
Even a bench for the older folk
Up, down, round and round
Slow down, step off—on again!
Up, down, round and round

William Dorenkott '86

Manager's Vicissitude

standing in the dugout
chewing chewing spitting
positioning his players
chewing chewing spitting
walking to the mound
chewing chewing spitting
striding over the chalkline
chewing chewing spitting
changing the pitcher
chewing chewing spitting
back to the dugout
chewing chewing spitting
another pitching change!

Daniel McLain '85

The Merchant's Rescue

A tireless wind swept across the green land from the sea. Malachy sat on the crown of a rocky hill overlooking the ocean, pondering his immediate future. It was spring once more, and this was the season of his coming of age. This year he would have to overcome a great obstacle or accomplish a great deed in order to become an adult member of the clan.

"It's a fine day," Marcan called out as he climbed the hill to join his comrade.

"Indeed it is, and a good day for the village fishermen," Malachy replied.

Both Malachy and Marcan were of the same age and had been childhood companions. Malachy gestured for Marcan to sit next to him. Both of them curiously watched the tiny vessels as they dropped their nets into the blue-green sea.

"Malachy, Marcan, I must speak with you!" Conor yelled. Conor was a slight, fair-complexioned young man with eyes now bright with excitement. "Padraic, the merchant, has been kidnapped by bandits," he called out frantically as he climbed the hill, stumbling clumsily as he ascended hurriedly.

"Who are these bandits of whom you speak," Malachy snapped.

"No one knows their identity, but they were seen returning with Padraic into the great forest," exclaimed Conor, looking over his shoulder and gesturing in the direction of the forest.

Marcan swept his gaze over the forest's peripheries, then asked, "Why haven't the clan warriors gone in search of him?"

"Earlier this morning the swordsmen marched to Port Lairg," Conor exclaimed. "Pirates have ransacked the city."

"Then why don't we go to rescue him?" suggested Malachy boldly.

"But there are only three of us," Marcan moaned.

Scornfully, Malachy replied, "We can get others to come also! Come, let us hurry down to the village."

The green hills rolled before them and the wind whipped their faces as they ran down the hill.

In the damp meadows, half-hidden by a cluster of oak trees, lay the village. It was a small village with but one tavern, which also functioned as an inn for the precious few travelers who occasionally ventured to these rocky coastlands. The great forest rose just behind the village that hugged the coastline.

Conor walked in front of the others, leading them to Brock Arden's Tavern and Innhouse. The tavern was constructed of wood, with a thatch roof and a dirt floor. Simple and unpretentious, yet a bright and cheerful place, the gathering place contained many rough-hewn tables and chairs, boards and benches. The few travellers that frequented the little refuge were mostly merchants and peddlers. For the villagers, this was the local meeting

Marcan extinguished his torch as they hurried to stand on either side of the door. Soon they could hear voices, many voices, approaching more loudly. Marcan placed a bolt on his crossbow, drew back, and prepared to fire. Malachy, Conor, and Barlen drew their swords from their scabbards. There was a rasping sound of metal on leather. Then silence.

and drinking pub.

As the young trio entered, they noticed some of their fellow comrades.

"Barlen!" cried out Malachy. "Have you heard the news?"

A tall young man rose from his seat. He had curly brown hair and a mustache which he had a tendency to entwine in his fingers when bored. "What news?"

"Padraic the merchant has been captured by bandits!"

Malachy and Conor took a seat at the table as Marcan went up to purchase a flagon of ale. After some hasty and heated discussion, Barlen decided to join them.

"Do you know the whereabouts of these bandits?" Barlen asked with increased curiosity.

"They were last seen returning with the merchant into the forest," Conor exclaimed.

"But they could be just about anywhere by now," Barlen commented with a tone of discouragement and futility, throwing up his hands.

Marcan boldly offered a solution. "We could track their horses. There are not many paths through the forest."

"Aye!" shouted the others with some encouragement.

Next morning the little group of rescuers left the village on horseback. Whipped by a wind that howled and threatened but never brought rain, they rode across field upon field. Meeting a lad who informed them that he had seen the bandits, they entered the forest.

Above them, the sky was full of large, ominously black clouds that seemed to foretell disaster. With stubborn hearts, however, the brave little band followed the trail. Armed with a crossbow, Marcan was limited to seven bolts; the others carried swords.

Finally they came to a clearing in the woods, where two converging hills formed a dark and sinister looking valley. They saw many caves that dotted the sloping hills.

"I believe this is their base," ventured Barlen.

"Conor, watch that road for strangers!" ordered Malachy. And in the same tone, he directed Marcan, "Which cave does the trail lead us to?"

Marcan started to speak when he was interrupted by Conor, who signaled an approaching horseman.

The man was wearing leather armor and riding a gray horse. He wore a patch over his left eye and carried a sack full of coins which bounced and jingled from his waistbelt. Quickly, Malachy and the others hid themselves among the forest trees. Marcan cocked the shaft of his crossbow.

The stranger rode into the clearing and headed toward the southernmost cave. Suddenly Marcan let loose the bolt. It whistled through the air and found its target. The horseman fell to the ground, impaled with Marcan's bolt.

"What do we do now?" Conor asked.

"I'll put on his clothes and carry the sack," offered Malachy. "After I enter, follow swiftly."

"Aye!" shouted the other three in unison.

Cautiously, Malachy approached the cave. Seeing no guard, he entered unceremoniously. Outside, they tied the horses to the trees and hid the body of the slain horseman beneath a fallen oak. Inside, Malachy discovered a small cavern overgrown with fungi. Bones were scattered throughout. The ceiling was dripping with stalactites. A slight updraft carried the putrid smell of rotting vegetation. A badly dented helmet occupied a far corner of the cave.

"It is safe to enter!" Malachy called out to the others. One by one, they entered warily. Malachy and Barlen walked in front of the other two. Another larger cavern lay before them. Screeching sounds were heard as they moved forward. Conor struck a flint against Marcan's torch to ignite it. The flickering torchlight cast

blurry, moving shadows against the cave's walls.

Without warning they were assaulted by thousands of bats, coming upon them with the vengeance of an army of disturbed beasts.

"May Nuada of the Silver Arm curse you for your stupidity!" roared Malachy.

"Wait!" Barlen called out wildly as he struck out at his demonic attackers circling above him. Through the shadows Barlen had spotted a crevice which led into a lighted chamber. Without hesitation, he crawled through the crevice, Malachy and the others following him.

The chamber was approximately thirty feet by twenty feet with a door set in the north wall. Despite its dank and moldy stench, the chamber was furnished with a rough wooden table surrounded by three chairs. A lamp burned dimly on the table. A loaf of bread and a jug of wine lay nearby.

"Be still," Conor warned the others in a hushed apprehensive whisper. "I hear approaching footsteps."

Marcan extinguished his torch as they hurried to stand on either side of the door. Soon they could hear voices, many voices, approaching more loudly. Marcan placed a bolt on his crossbow, drew back, and prepared to fire. Malachy, Conor, and Barlen drew their swords from their scabbards. There was a rasping sound of metal on leather. Then silence.

"Where is Cairbre?" a rough voice asked. "Cairbre, where are you? Speak up!"

"I don't know but I heard much noise back here," another voice answered.

Suddenly one of the two bandits stepped through the crevice. Malachy was paralyzed for a moment, but Marcan swiftly fired his crossbow, killing the brigand instantly. As the lifeless body fell to the ground, crimson splattered the floor. Instantaneously, two more bandits stepped through into the chamber.

"Intruders!" one called out.

Malachy and Barlen charged at the two bandits while Conor furiously swung at the locked door. The first bandit attacked Malachy and Barlen while the other retreated out the crevice. Marcan fired his crossbow, and promptly killed the remaining bandit. Attached to his belt was a small hand axe and a key. Conor detached the key and tried to open the door.

"This is not the right key," he said.

Barlen grabbed the hand axe and smashed away until he had opened the door.

Inside was a man shackled to the ground and gagged with cloth.

"This must be Padraic!" exclaimed Malachy.

Using the key, Barlen was able to free Padraic from his chains and schackles. Rather shaken, Padraic stood up. He removed his gag and thanked his young rescuers. Grateful and relieved, he promised to give each of them a fine reward for his rescue.

Padraic rode behind Marcan when they left. The trip back to the village was uneventful. The villagers met their brave young heroes with proud and beaming faces. They told their story at Brock Ardan's Tavern and Innhouse and repeated it time and again for many days after. Padraic gave each of them one hundred gold denarii after going to the inn. The clan chieftain hailed them as heroes of the clan.

Malachy and his friends knew that they had now been accepted into clan adulthood. □

Kevin Burke '84

Autumn

Short are the days
And long are the nights
Filled with haze
And flickering lights

This is the fall
When the leaves retreat
And snow comes to call
At the children's feet

The summer is lost
As the children fear
At what a cost
The fall is here

Upon the ground
Where leaves are found

Tony Biasiotta '85

Spring Shower

divebombing droplets
explode on your skin
soggy shoes
dripping hair
pouncing on puddles
wonderful wetness

John VanderLaan '84

Old Man Winter

out of the night he comes
silent as a whisper
his ice cold breath
freezing the air
his long white beard
covering the land
old man winter is here

James Deeds '84

TERSE VERSE
TERSE VERSE
TERSE VERSE

The Instruction God Gave Noah When the Great Flood Arrived

Embark

Ark!

Timothy Yee '86

The Domain Controlled by a Neighborhood Hoodlum Gang of Small Blue Elves

Smurf

Turf

Bryan Quinn '86

The Condition of the Church When a Few Cardinals Are at Odds with the Pontiff

Static in

The Vatican

Gregory Van Niel '84

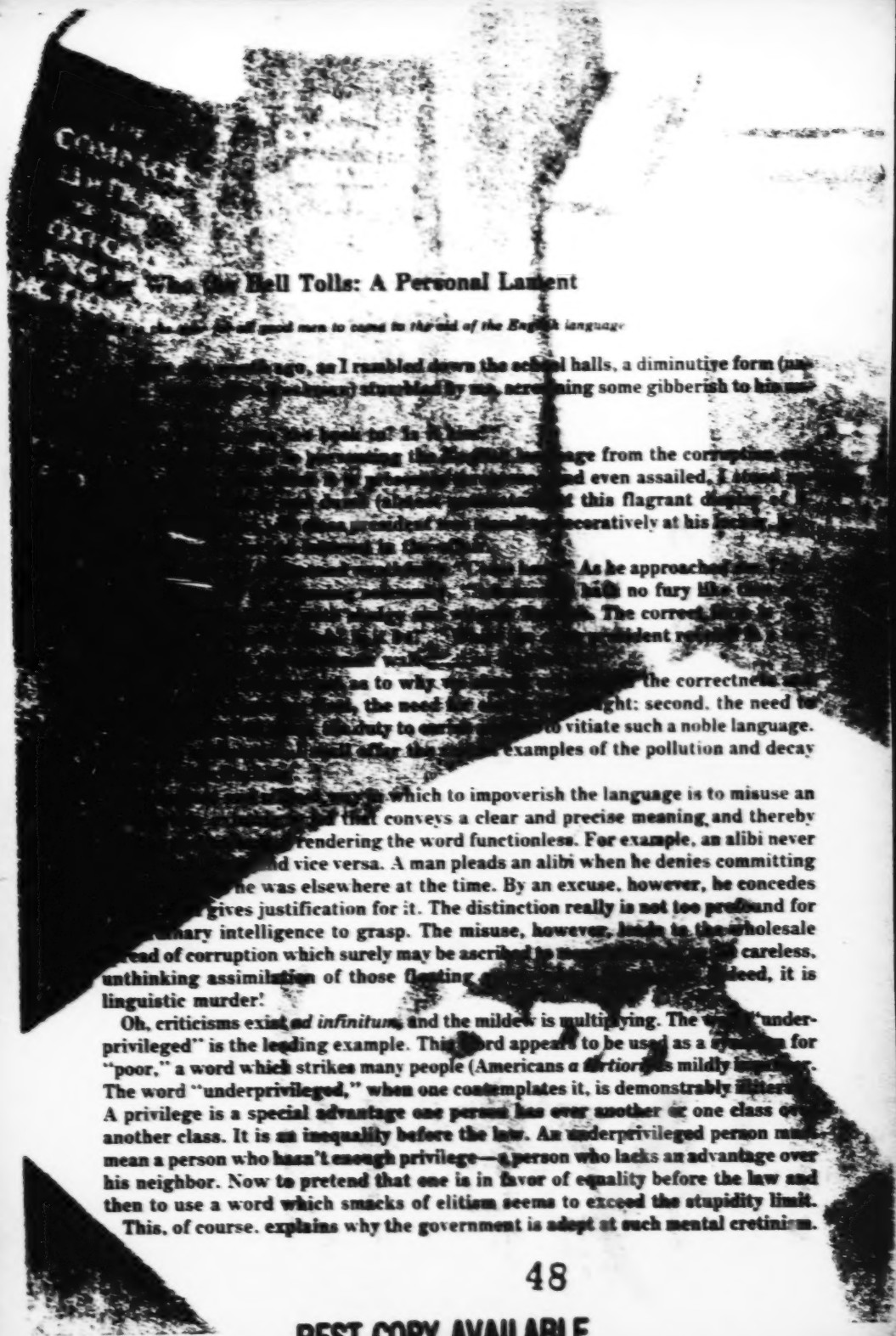
What E. T. Needed to Make His Return Trip to His Home Planet

Distance

Assistance

Brian Creadon '86

Mark Wiersma '84



Bell Tolls: A Personal Lament

the aid of the English language

ge from the corruption,
d even assailed, I
t this flagrant
ceratively at his

As he approached
no fury like
The correct
dent

the correctness
ght: second, the need to
o vitiate such a noble language.
examples of the pollution and decay

which to impoverish the language is to misuse an
that conveys a clear and precise meaning and thereby
rendering the word functionless. For example, an alibi never
d vice versa. A man pleads an alibi when he denies committing
he was elsewhere at the time. By an excuse, however, he concedes
gives justification for it. The distinction really is not too profound for
ary intelligence to grasp. The misuse, however, leads to the wholesale
ead of corruption which surely may be ascribed to
careless,
unthinking assimilation of those
leed, it is
linguistic murder!

Oh, criticisms exist *ad infinitum*, and the mildew is multiplying. The
"under-
privileged" is the leading example. This word appears to be used as a
for
"poor," a word which strikes many people (Americans *a fortiori*
s mildly
The word "underprivileged," when one contemplates it, is demonstrably
A privilege is a special advantage one person has over another or one class
another class. It is an inequality before the law. An underprivileged person
mean a person who hasn't enough privilege—a person who lacks an advantage over
his neighbor. Now to pretend that one is in favor of equality before the law and
then to use a word which smacks of elitism seems to exceed the stupidity limit.

This, of course, explains why the government is adept at such mental cretinism.

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Their language is pregnant with that type of evasive, linguistic fog. "Any ceiling imposed under this rule may be increased or waived if the contributor agrees." What kind of linguistic twist is this? Sounds like an advisory committee, a political smoke screen! Well, a ceiling means a maximum price or benefit. Now, if one wants more headroom, he does not "increase" the ceiling, still less perform the curious operation of waiving it (After all, how does one waive a ceiling?); he simply raises it! These ambiguous applications contribute to the steady coarsening and blunting of the expressive and discriminating power of the language: their use is a cancerous barbarism which only a love of mental simplicity for its own sake can explain. If encountered by such seemingly primitive atavisms, merely assert the cold fact: Simple illiteracy is no excuse for linguistic evolution.

[illegible] for pedantry and priggishness, but more refin- [illegible] ious and growing aversions to such creatures [illegible] sitions. To approve them is to corrupt the [illegible] admirably observed, "This is the kind of ar- [illegible] I shall not put."

[illegible] used words are only grit in the porridge, and [illegible] enturies. They don't spell doom!" Wrong. Grit [illegible] and disagreeable to taste as well as to digestion. [illegible] be fatal. To prevent this, a censorship counterof- [illegible] not only bemoan the plight of our language, but also [illegible] tion drive into a preemptive strike. This virus is more [illegible], more insidious than Doublespeak. It is unlanguage! [illegible], is the attempt by the same fledgling whom I insulted earlier [illegible] ly, almost as if to recover his prominence or prestige. [illegible] and me to the party," I said to a friend who had been stan-

[illegible] ant, odious piece of freshman flesh thought he would

[illegible] and I!" he proclaimed triumphantly.

[illegible] resolution embodied in such a negligible, feeble [illegible] soup through a tube.

In my lea[illegible] ureen eloquence, I bellowed, "Ha! You bar- ren rogue. Th[illegible]. It's George and me."

Utterly barren [illegible] a grunt, this hideous [illegible] groveled in his cancerous gr[illegible].

So, I say to you: Now[illegible] come to the aid of the English language. And posthast[illegible] things anymore; they "finalize mat- ters." The idea of making a[illegible] nouns is repugnant. The perpetrators of such heinous crimes ough[illegible] for depreciating the verbal currency. Dispel this rotund, polysyllabic [illegible] wake at night, harrowed by imagining what might have happened if the [illegible] been exposed to the epidemic. One can hear Hamlet's soliloquy with the curr[illegible] flavor: "Questionwise, is it to be or not to be?" Or the favorite comedy for schools will be abridged, rewritten in the cant of the vulgar and rubble of the gutters, and rechristened "Like You Like It." [illegible] one is to save himself from such linguistic drudgery, the cox pop[illegible] Wordwise, I am fedwise up. Friends, Romans, and co[illegible] muffs. You are now witnessing the murder of the l[illegible]

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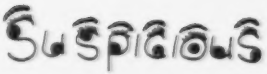
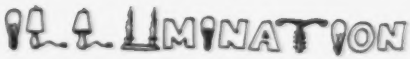
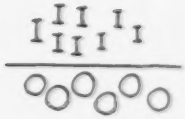
WORD GAMES
WORD GAMES
WORD GAMES







Scott Baker '86
Michael Bogdanski '86
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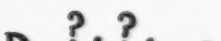
Chris Carmon '87
Daniel J. Francis '86
Jeff Gorski '86
Bob Hadney '86
Michael Juratovac '87
Brian Kennedy '87
Dave Kramer '86
David Redmond '87
William Rees '86
Dana J. Saunders '86
Don Simecek '86
Joseph Simonek '86



Tom Davern '86
James M. Entenok '86
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Jim Kane '86
Christopher Margevicius '86
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Patrick McKenna '86
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Edward Peck '87
John Reagan '86
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Eric Reyes '87
Jeff Stolzenburg '86
Sean Thompson '86

PREPOSITIONALS
PREPOSITIONALS
PREPOSITIONALS

Into the distant past
To the far future
From the darkest nightmare
To the perfect dream

With your imagination

Don Simecek '86

Without hate
Without prejudice
Without murder
Without guns
Without war

For peace

John Gaul '86

In one ear
Out the other
Off to bed
Without your supper
In hot water
With none to blame

Except yourself

James Vogel '86

Beneath the cliff
Across the stream
With Gollum
Over the Marshes
Into Mordor

Under the Dark Tower

Joseph Simonek '86

At night
Under a star
In a manger
In Bethlehem
To humble parents

"Unto us "

Mike Deneen '86

Dorothy Fuldheim: An Interview

My homeroom teacher approached me with a letter in his hand. Mail for me? I thought. No —

"Guardi," he summoned amid the multiple conversations of the students. He dropped a letter into my hands. "WEWS Channel 5, 3001 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio 44115," was the return address. I ripped open the letter voraciously. "Call me immediately and schedule an interview. Dorothy Fuldheim."

I vainly endeavored to suppress my joy. I was so bustling with life and enterprise — my brain addled, my state altered! *I* was interviewing *Dorothy Fuldheim*?

After a seemingly interminable bus ride, I found myself seated in the waiting room at Channel 5. Dorothy scheduled the interview for thirty minutes, and I meticulously had been conning my questions the entire day. Dorothy Fuldheim — at age ninety — a TV broadcasting veteran with more than thirty-seven unsevered years on the air. She appears every day on WEWS in Cleveland, reviewing books, interviewing people, and giving her insights into the day's and world happenings. Her repertoire? President Kennedy, Albert Speer, the Duke of Windsor, Adolf Hitler, Albert Einstein, Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., just to name a few.

"John Guardi." The voice was plastic, parched, yet probing. "Mrs. Fuldheim will see you now." Confident, yet tinctured with reserve, I followed her secretary down the corridor and entered her office.

"Good morning," I offered routinely, almost with a flourishing bow. "How are you?" My obsequiousness was almost crawling.

"Oh, terrible!" she returned briskly but humorously. "Okay, about what do you want to talk?"

I had not even seated my now trembling frame! I pursed my lips into a pathetically ingratiating expression, as though I wanted to disarm her scorn.

"Well, I--"

The sting of the telephone liberated me!

"Excuse me for one moment, please."

With infinite caution I took advantage of the seeming leisure. Hair of jet flame, a high blade of Hebrew nose, enthusiasm of a peculiarly painful kind. Seated sprightly in a leather-upholstered chair, Dorothy Fuldheim hardly looked like a colossus of woman, no more than five plus a couple inches at most. Her cheeks of fullness and zest, she displayed an almost Victorian elegance and poise. So refined. Her charm was appreciative, her wit Attic and nimble. To the left of her desk sat a table upon which rested an immense vase filled with a variety of colored roses. A large bookcase jammed with books stood against an expanse of wall, affording the office an academic appearance. The silence seemed boundless.

"Okay, I'm ready to talk." What a luxuriously cunning response! I felt confronted.

"Mrs. Fuldheim," I returned, "let's talk about today's youth." She answered my informality with appeased silence. "In your chapter concerning Jerry Rubin, you open provocatively with the claim, 'This is a youth-oriented society, and the joke is on them because youth is a disease from which we all recover.' Do you feel today's youth are restless with inactivity? Do today's youth recognize the necessity of educa-

tion, or are we living in a cesspool of ignorance? Speculate on our future." Having included myself intentionally, I prepared for the most excoriating abuse and invective which only Dorothy Fuldheim could deliver. I envisioned myself drowned in a rolling tide of rhetoric.

"Today's youth," she began ponderously, "are not living in a cesspool of ignorance by any means. I think the dominant characteristic of today's youth is image consciousness." Self-consciously, I glanced at my attire. No — nothing was wrong. "Today, most people worry about looking young. There are many diets and formulas to help us maintain our youth." She paused. Her practiced literary intellect displayed such fertility that I wanted to plough it. So Roman, so Spartan. I noticed she had finished her response.

"Today's youth," I stammered, "represent the success or failure of the future. Are we really making progress? Does a balance exist of both good and bad people?" I sounded like a fatalist.

"I believe there are more good people in the world today. We're more outgoing, and we are mingling with different peoples in various organizations." She had a unique fluidity of speech. "We're presently in the middle of an information and technological age. Do we achieve the best, or simply mediocrity? I think the individual, so overwhelmed by knowledge, must play a role. Yes, we are making progress."

Her insights maintained spearhead accuracy.

"You're from a private school, correct?"

"Yes," I returned humbly, unobtrusively. "St. Edward High School in Lakewood." Why did she deign to ask me a question about myself? I thought, thoroughly baffled.

"You dress nicely," she offered. I was flabbergasted! What was I to say?

"Thank you," I murmured. I remembered my grandma's words to me the evening before.

"Oh, no, don't worry about Dorothy. She loves and admires respectable people. Dress well, and don't be nervous. She's abrupt, but she'll put you at ease."

Grandma simply worshipped Dorothy Fuldheim! Something told me they would have hit it off beautifully.

What time is it? I thought. Eleven forty-five. Fifteen minutes remained.

"Throughout your life, Dorothy, you've been, and still are, an avid reader with an insatiate appetite for knowledge." Coincidentally, a stack of books perched itself proudly atop her desk. "In *I Laughed, I Cried, I Loved*, you wrote of experiences in which both your brother and your sister taunted you with such enviable epithets as 'dictionary swallower.' Why was reading important to you? Has the necessity for reading disappeared today?" Entirely composed, sedate, and regal, she resembled a classical painting one would find in Florence.

"Well, I think one initially discovers the avenues he likes by reading. I discovered the library when I was ten years old. Reading, for me, was like a normal bodily function. It opened worlds for me. I used to sit in the library for hours reading and reading."

What a reservoir, what a repository of knowledge! Frought with an healthy envy, I gazed admiringly at her in a beery stupor.

"I particularly enjoyed," she resumed, "the Greek and Latin classics." My perception hit the mark: she was a Renaissance woman! "The Greek and Roman authors met and exchanged ideas. Their stories have a cause-effect relationship which appeals to me. Not only did they engage in sports and reveal their physique, but also they were scholars." She spoke with echoes of nostalgia.

"With respect to education, whose is the most significant role?"

"The educator's," she replied spontaneously, as if she knew her responses by rote. "The more one reads, the more educated he becomes. Thus, an educator has a duty to instill these values into students. I feel obligated to impart my knowledge to society."

Dorothy's secretary gracefully interrupted us. "Someone's here to see you." The interview, over? No — I'd eke out at least one more question!

"Dorothy, both as Americans and as human beings, we are concerned with the mitigation and eventual eradication of human suffering and international tensions. In the chapter, 'This is the Way it Was,' Jane Addams revealed to you a speculatory dream that 'man someday would walk the path of a warless world with peace shining like a benediction.' In light of the fact that the Americans and the Soviets differ so greatly in their beliefs, in light of the gulags which Solzhenitsyn so accurately portrayed, and in light of history with Auschwitz and Buchenwald of the Hitler era, will peace ever become a reality? If so, when?"

"That sounds compelling," she chuckled. "Did I really write all that?" I laughed. The thoughts and reflections in her books were forever entrenched in my memory.

"I don't know," she responded after some reflection. "Today, with the arms race and the two superpowers pitted staunchly against each other, it is almost inevitable that there will be war. No, I believe there will be no peace." A powerful prophecy.

Unsuspecting and inattentive, I lifted my eyes in bewilderment. War, inevitable? Her response seemed candid but polar. I needed an opening, an outlet, a diversion.

"Dorothy, who is the most unforgettable person you've ever met?" Time was nearly up.

"Einstein," she replied. Again, the response was programmed, immediate. "I was awed by his intellect. Despite his capacity, however, he could talk to anyone. He was wholly fascinating."

Only a few minutes left.

"Does religion influence your life greatly," I inquired judiciously. Usually religion is a ticklish affair.

"Religion has no role in my life. Mankind, however, would be lost without it. If the gift of faith helps one, then he should use it."

She appeared dead-set in her habits, almost Puritan. She must relish more than reading!

"Dorothy, what are your hobbies?" I asked indulgently.

"Reading. Only reading." I was wrong. Dorothy and I, birds of a feather.

"Any exercise?" I almost forgot myself.

"None." She smiled like a Chessie cat. "Only reading books and eating chocolates. And only milk chocolates at that!"

Incredible! She defied every natural law, every human norm. Dorothy Fuldheim had traveled worldwide, interviewing celebrities, writers, and world leaders. She continues to have a large and faithful audience for her daily television programs of interviews and news analyses, and was named by a Gallup poll as among America's Most Admired Women. Johnny Carson has waxed with delight whenever she has appeared on his television program. Awards in recognition of her brilliance and courage become endless.

I arose and pulled on my coat. Reaching over her desk, I affectionately shook her feeble hand.

"Dorothy, God bless you." I felt elevated.

"Come again and see me any time you want, and we'll talk," she offered earnestly.

A date with Dorothy — wow! I told myself, You bet! Yes, Dorothy Fuldheim, *La Grande Dame* of Cleveland. A great lady. □

John Guardi '84

snowflakes drifting down
burying paths we've left of
forgotten footsteps

Steve Mayercin '86

a dying leaf
falling from the maple branch
bright yellow flashing

Dan Witherspoon '86

gold husks in the field
marching onward endlessly
passing in the wind

Gilbert Bachna '86

caterpillar crawls
waiting for that one day when
he will put on wings

John Fortini '86

silver fish darting
lines flash across the clear tank
between the coral

Bob Evers '87

Race at State

The ride was too long
Solemn athletes rouse themselves from the van
A nervous laugh breaks the heavy silence

Two hours to race time
Much to do
Jog the course
Familiarize

Stretching quietly in the shadow of a tree
Runners thinking only of race strategy
Concentrate
This race is it!

Half hour left
Run windsprints
Finish loosening up

Runners called to the start
Stomachs wrench with knots
Runners toe the line

Runners set!

Crack!

Spring from the mark
Rabbits to the front
Set the pace

First mile
Everyone falls into his place

From middle of the pack
We move up

Going into the woods
Around the trees
Accelerate!

Fly up the hill
Push yourself
Pass one
Then another

Glide down the hill
Out of the woods
Our first four finished well

Up to me
Quicken my stride
Pass more runners

200 yards to go
Catch another

Sprint!
On his heels
Now pass him

He lurches ahead

Last chance
All my strength
Try to catch him

Trip—

Fall!

Jonathan Ross '85

CINQUAIN
CINQUAIN
CINQUAIN

Doors
Shut out
The world's inadequacies
Keeping our promise in–
Doors

John Peffer '84

Racing
Ultimate thrills
While dancing on the edge
Pushing suicide barrier
Do it!

William Reinmann '84

The end
My only friend
Desperately in need
I'll never look into your eyes
Again

William Reinmann '84

Flower
Opening up
Into life's beginnings
Thrusting hope into bleak future
Sunrise

John Peffer '84

Grandma

It was the wee hour of Wednesday morning just two days before Christmas. Bundled up snugly in my blanket, half asleep, not too eager to leave my cozy bed and leap into the frigid air of a still darkened December morning, I felt someone gently shaking me to consciousness.

"Mike," I heard Mother whisper, "Dad and I are going to the hospital. Grandma isn't doing too well and they want all of us there just in case."

"Okay," I mumbled, rolling over in my bed. The reality of those ominous words had not yet struck home. I squinted at my clock-radio, the illuminated dial staring brightly in the early morning darkness read 5:30.

At 7:45, the ringing of an angry phone jolted me from my bed. I climbed out to answer it. The jolt of mother's earlier words suddenly awakened and sobered me. I already knew who it was. My father's voice informed me that Grandma had just died.

As far back as I could remember, I recalled my grandfather and my grandmother having lived in the same small, unpretentious house typical of any friendly neighborhood abode. A dilapidated glider which my grandmother regularly occupied on warm, lazy summer evenings perched itself precariously in a corner of the porch that ran the full front of the diminutive house. The carnation fragrance of pinks that bordered the dwelling drifted up to the porch. Inside, Grandmother would be forever cleaning. Rarely was she not about some kind of house chore.

Though Grandma, a short, plump Italian woman, experienced difficulty ambling about, the house had always been kept immaculately clean and orderly. The lemon-yellow kitchen curtains, always clean, hung perfectly straight. Rugs always appeared to have been vacuumed recently. Even the morning edition of the *Plain Dealer* had been folded and neatly placed in a decorative wooden newspaper rack.

For years Grandma had been hampered by diabetes. Weakened legs eventually forced her to stop cooking, for she was unable to remain standing over her stove for any length of time. Cooking had been her favorite occupation, and she became heartbroken when she could no longer prepare that crunchy, thick-crusted pizza, those tender cavatelli smothered with thick tomato sauce and parmesan cheese, and those chewy pizzelle cookies laden with anisette. Everyone in the family now missed her mouth-watering Italian specialties. I have yet to taste a better plate of pasta or slice of pizza even approaching Grandma's.

To compensate for her cooking, Grandma had chosen to perfect and refine her long-practiced skill of crocheting. Every night, sitting on the sofa in the living room, cameoed in a circle of golden lamplight, one could watch her faithfully fingering strands of yarn and arranging them magically into rainbowed afghans. Her olive complexion contrasted sharply with her light gray hair, forever bound in a blue-gray hair net. Those short, stubby fingers worked nimbly at their trade, her needle flicking away at air, as she viewed Richard Dawson freely bestowing kisses on the female contestants of *Family Feud*, her favorite television show. Now and then she would interrupt — participate, really. "Oh, yeah?" she would inject, laughing, when Richard confirmed her answer as the correct one. Her countenance would brighten up as the lines and wrinkles of her darkened face became smooth. "They don't know nuthin'. They think they're so smart." She had won another victory.

Fascinated, I would watch Grandma plying her trade as she moved her needles up and down feverishly, forming row upon row of artful material. Grandma, aware of my intense interest, stopped her needles and glanced up. "Come here, Mike." There was a serious tone in her voice. "Watch Grandma now." Slowly, carefully, she began a simple stitch. "See that? Now watch again." She wrapped the yarn around the needle, plunged it through the previous loop, grasped the string of yarn again with the hooked needle, and pulled it back through the loop. She repeated the operation. "Wrap, push through; hook, pull back. Wrap, push through; hook, pull back. There. Now you try."

I took the paraphernalia from her hands, grasped the needles, and tried to repeat the process she had just demonstrated, embarrassed in a tangle of yarn.

"No," she scolded gently, "like this —." I adjusted my grasp. "There," she smiled approvingly. "Try again."

I repeated the simple pattern, somewhat clumsily, as she assisted me whenever I encountered difficulty.

"You're getting it. With a little practice . . . Did you know that most of the champion crocheters are men? Yes."

But the diabetes soon took its toll on her eyesight, too, and her needles moved more slowly and effortfully. Now and then she dropped a stitch, becoming angry with herself, and in time she had to abandon this satisfying pastime as well.

"Qui est oregano," my grandfather responded in Italian, handing Grandma the tender leaves she had asked him to retrieve from his vast garden.

Grandpa thrived on the outdoors. The lawns and shrubbery bordering this little bungalow and flowerbeds occupying the fenced-in yard behind the house were his kingdom. Benevolently he ruled his domain. Winter made him nervous for he was forced to remain indoors. When springtime finally arrived, his spirits were lifted and he spent most of his waking hours touring his domain. Every day was one of labor in his garden: harvesting vegetables, pruning and thinning young plants, removing weeds, hoeing and spading to break up clods of earth. Every evening one would watch him watering the lush lawn and neatly trimming the bordering shrubs.

On weekends, like a regular Saturday afternoon ritual, one would never miss Grandpa trekking to the supermarket, some fifteen blocks away, pulling his dilapidated red wagon behind him. How often I had ridden up and down the side-

"Watch Grandma now." Slowly, carefully, she began a simple stitch.... She wrapped the yarn around the needle, plunged it through the previous loop, grasped the string of yarn again with the hooked needle, and pulled it back through the loop. She repeated the operation. "Wrap, push through; hook, pull back. Wrap, push through; hook, pull back. There. Now you try."

walk in that little wagon. At eighty-five, following a bout with cancer that forced the removal of one lung, Grandpa still managed to make that long hike to the supermarket, though perhaps a little more slowly.

Rainy afternoons, when outdoor work had to be curtailed, found Grandpa laboring over sheet after sheet of paper. He liked to write letters to his brothers in Italy, Joseph in Milan and Frank in Sicily. Twice he had traveled back to the old country with my grandmother but, as her health deteriorated, those overseas visits had to terminate. Letters, now, had become the sole link to his homeland and loved ones there.

In his younger days, Grandpa had renowned himself as a brewer of fine wine. A small room in his basement served as his winery. I still recall vividly one particular childhood incident.

"You come downstairs with me, Mike," Grandfather invited me, "and I show you how I make wine." He took me by the hand and led me down the steep basement stairs, slowly, one by one, to his wine room. Opening the wooden door to the room with the most reverent care, we were greeted by the heavy fragrance from within. Oppressive fumes, warm and heavy with the sour smell of fermenting grapes, almost overcame us. As we groped our way

into the closed darkness, I gradually began to distinguish a row of wine barrels that lined the far wall. Grandpa switched on a lightbulb dangling from the center of the ceiling. Bottle upon bottle of the finished product appeared neatly stacked in the corner.

Grandpa walked over to one of the wine barrels, reached for a dirty glass nearby, turned a wooden spigot, and returned with the half-filled glass. "You try some? You drink it slow. Slow now."

I took the small glassful from his hand, brought it to my mouth, and gulped unsuspectingly. I gave a loud cough. He laughed when my face winced and grimaced at the tartness of the wine.

"You get used to it," he assured me, smiling. "You like?" I shook my head no, and he chuckled heartily once again.

"Good for you," he philosophized. "Good for the heart. You forget your anger and your troubles. It make you happy." He smiled and patted me gently on the shoulder.

Christmastime was a special occasion for Grandma and Grandpa. All the family would gather at their home for a reunion, sons and daughters, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, aunts, uncles, and cousins, all eating, drinking, playing cards in the cozy, crowded little house smothered with cigar smoke and rocking with conversation and laughter. It was their favorite time of year, that one grand and glorious occasion to which they looked forward the twelve long months. Grandma especially enjoyed watching all her loved ones relish her food — and overeat.

He took me by the hand and led me down the steep basement stairs, slowly, one by one, to his wine room. Opening the wooden door to the room with the most reverent care, we were greeted by the heavy fragrance from within. Oppressive fumes, warm and heavy with the soup smell of fermenting grapes, almost overcame us.

"What do I write here?" someone inquired. I was helping visitors fill out mass cards for my grandmother at the entrance of the funeral parlor. It was Grandma's wake. Christmas Day. All the family were once again gathered together. This occasion, however, things had changed. Grandpa, always cheerful, was weeping quietly. There was no revelry like eating, drinking, cardplaying, and laughter.

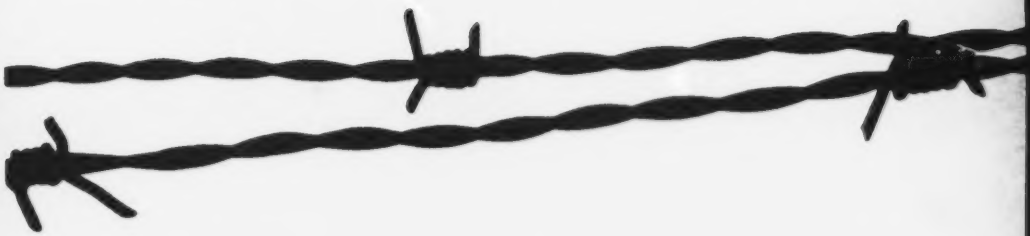
"You put Grandma's name on that line. Jennie Greco. There –." The party complied, stuffed ten dollars into the envelope, sealed it, and dropped it onto the piled high platter nearby. Such an empty gesture, it seemed, and I felt the same emptiness inside me.

I walked over to my grandfather, seated next to the coffin, staring in at the still, whitened face of my grandmother. He wiped the tears from his eyes and, wrapping his arm around my waist, pulled me closer to himself.

"A sad Christmas present for us, a sad Christmas present," he sighed. The arm around my waist tightened, and tightened again.

I stared with him into the coffin. I wished — Oh, how I wished — I could crochet with Grandma again and climb down those basement stairs, hand in hand with Grandpa, to taste his wine. □

Michael Greco '84



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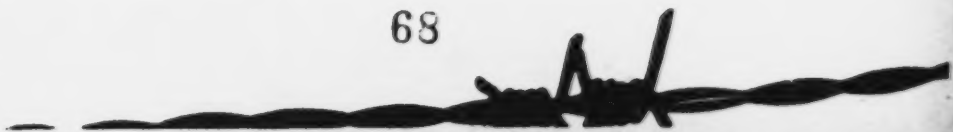

Ambition

Cement, mortar craftsmen
lay walls and walls —
The heat-sweat oozes
from shirtless man-muscle
The work's fruition near
Small town masons spread and chink —
chink and spread —
Walls and walls the massive construction
Acreage and acreage
Wire and water, rock and wire
the industrious scene transpires
Blow the fire!
Heat hot exhausting daylong manpower
So what do ya think of the work?
Something to do, I suppose, and it's good for the bucks.
Y'know, I haven't had a job for months.
What d'ya s'pose we're doing anyway?
Huh?
I mean, what is this place gonna be?
GOVERNMENT PROJECT
I know. TOP SECRET, but I can't help thinkin' what we're
doin'. Y'know?
Hey, it's work, ain't it?
Spread even, chink and pile
Innocence and mundane all the while
The government building on and on
People's Car, and the Shovel Brigade masquerades

Night — retire and ramble home
to the wife and kids
or no one
Girls and books
and of course the evening radio
Address —
The small town
the farm house and fields, the commonness
of Auschwitz.

69

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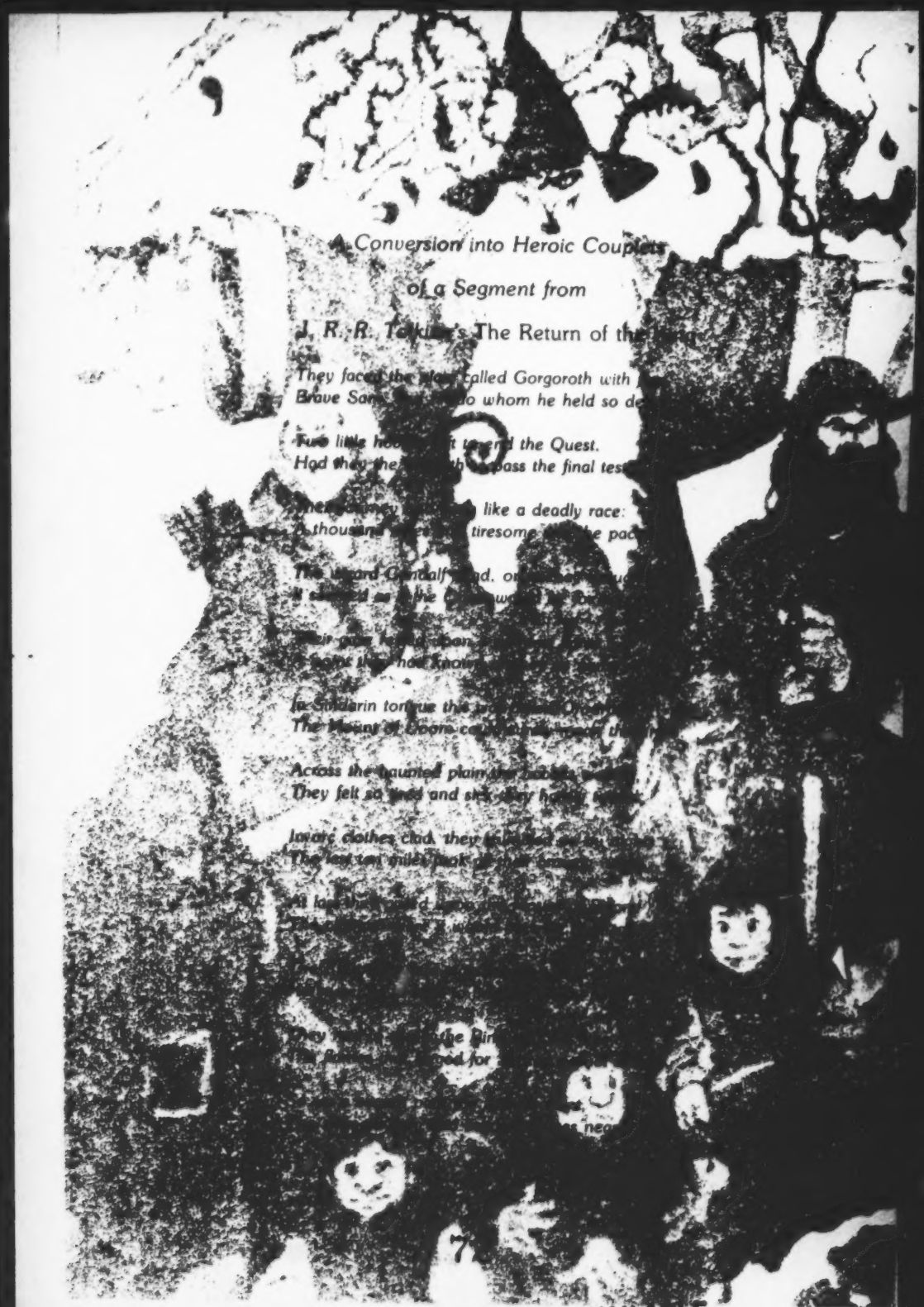
A Conversion into Heroic Couplets
of a Segment from
J. R. R. Tolkien's The Return of th
They faced the
Brave San
Two little hob
Had they the
like a deadly race:
tiresome
The wizard Gandalf
It seemed as
Their guise
Sindarin tongue
The Mount of Doom
Across the haunted plain
They felt so
lovers clothes clad, they
The last ten miles
All
They
for
ne
7
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A twisted hobbit, Gollum, barred their way,
But Samwise bravely held the rogue at bay.

But Frodo could not let the Ring meet fire;
Its power changed him; everything looked dire.

As Sauron finally knew where Frodo stood,
His Nazgul flew to stop him if they could.

Then Gollum past young Samwise quickly flew,
He fought with Frodo for the Ring he knew.

A loud cry from the lips of Frodo came,
But Gollum jumped for joy and called a name:

"My Precious, you are mine again at last!"
The ring with Frodo's finger in his grasp.

But Gollum stepped too far and tumbled o'er;
He fell toward the mountain's red-hot core.

He called out "Precious!"; then was seen no more,
The Ring was gone, its evil left to lore.

The realm of Sauron perished with the One;
The Nazgul died; their time on earth was done.

As Sam and Frodo from the mountain fled,
It showered molten fire about their heads.

Just as they were about to be consumed,
Two eagles saved them from a certain doom.

Gwaihir came; Landroval, his brother, too,
They snatched the halflings up and on they flew.

The Quest was done and evil was destroyed;
Now Middle-earth could live in peace and joy.

Kevin Gleeson '84

So Suddenly

How could I have known
that the cottonball clouds in my eyes
could turn to black
so fast?

How could I have known
that the moist green grass between my toes
could wither and die
and leave me standing alone
so quickly?

How could I have known
that the light warm breeze in my hair
could shift and freeze
and blast my face with hail
so suddenly?

How could I have known
that you'd leave me?

Do You Recall?

Do you recall dreams of distant promise?
Like silent slipping stars
unnoticed in their millisecond flame-streak glory
They disappear unheeded.
Future fantasies unfulfilled
Childhood aspirations — realities stilled
Elusive truths
The windy power rush — confusion-melting push
for answers.
Sudden sight
Elephantine height
(unscalable, or so it seems) —
Do you remember such Dreams?

Do you recall dreams of Distant promise?
and how their illusion slowly faded —
Overcoming puerile masquerades.

Do you recall dreams of distant Promise?
And yet the sun, the stars, our lives shine on —
Sing the beauty of hopes and dreams
The elusive truths, the howling wind force —
All are mystifying,
electrifying in their naked essence —
And we all have dreams
and we all need to strive for our heavens.
Do you recall dreams of distant promise?

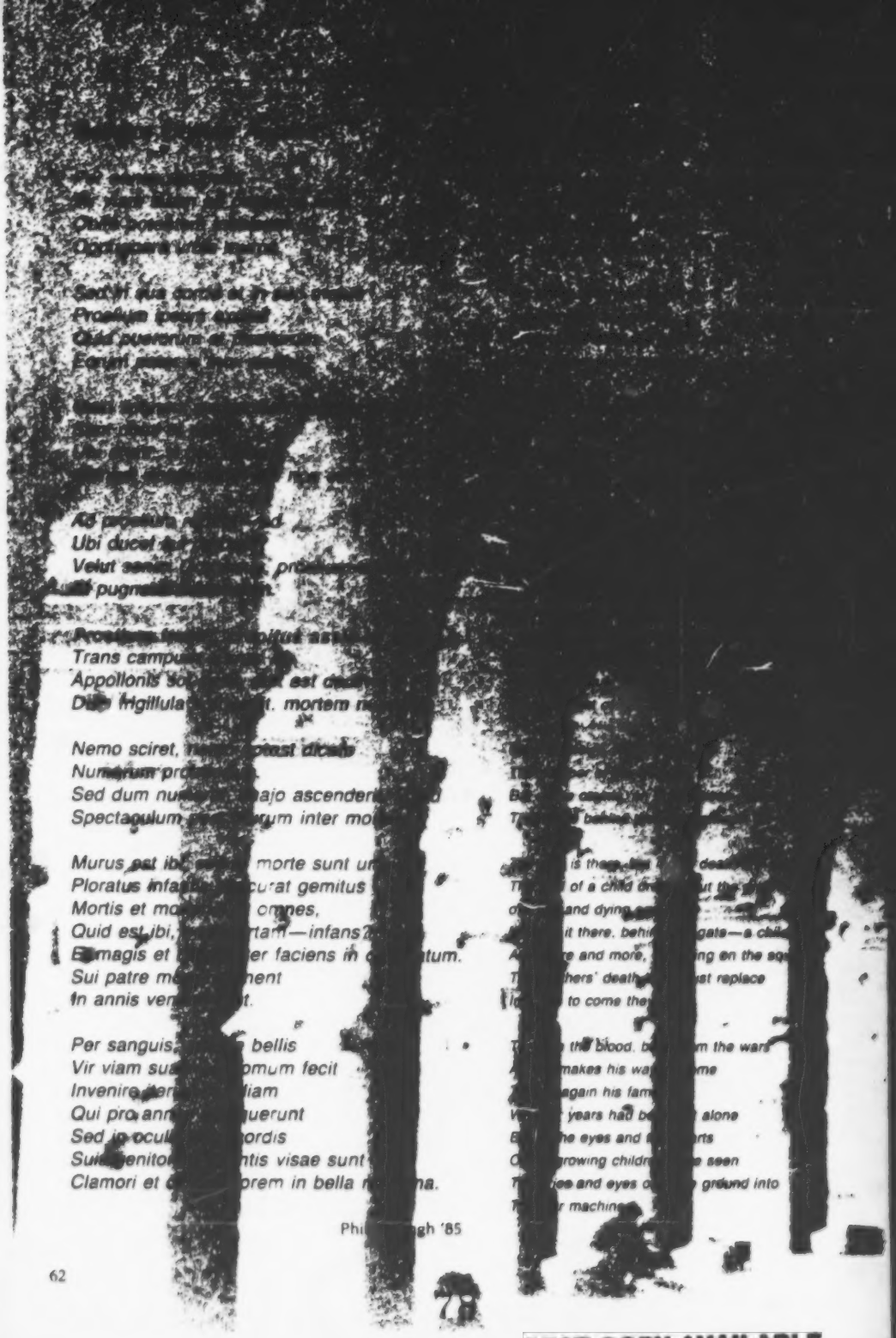
John Peffer '84

Mirage

A white-winged horse appears to me
From some forbidden land
And turns me into Tantalus
More than a soul can stand;
He brings windblown mirages of
A dark and quiet man.

He stands like an oasis in
A desert full of hate;
He wavers like a fleeting hope . . .
The Promise will not wait.
So when I reach there's nothing—
I am reaching out too late.

Thomas Solymos '84



Phi[illegible]gh '85

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Réalité

Enfants dans un parc libre et vert
Portent
les culottes et les souliers de tennis
Font
des jeux et des bêtises
Ne se soucient
pas de guerre.

Hommes dans une salle de commande close et électronique
Portent
les uniformes avec les médailles
Travaillent
avec les mécanismes et les secrets meurtriers
Ne se soucient
pas d'enfants.

Kevin Gleeson '84

Reality

Children in an open, green park
Wearing
shorts and tennis shoes
Playing
games of fun and mischief
Caring
not of war.

Men in a closed, electronic control room
Wearing
uniforms with medals
Working
with deadly mechanisms and secrets
Caring
not of children.

Liebe

Liebe
Ein Dolch
Langsamen sich drehen
In die Nische von dein Hertz
Noch die Blut-rot Knospe berste sein Fesselin
Enthüllen zu die Welt
Sie ist eine Hose
Liebe

Zoltan Kanyo '84

Love

Love
A dagger
Slowly twisting itself
Into the recesses of your heart
Yet the blood-red bud bursts its shackles
Revealing to the world
It's a rose
Love

Un Arco Iris

Un arco iris
Llenado de tantos colores lindos
Cubre la tierra
Y todos los hechos de Dios.

Un arco iris
Después de una lluvia fresca de verano
Llena mi corazón con dicha
Y un momento de paz.

¡Un Arco Iris!

Ryan Weisenseel '85

A Rainbow

A rainbow
Filled with many beautiful colors
Covers the earth
And all God's creations.

A rainbow
After a cool summer rain
Fills my heart with joy
And a moment of peace.

A Rainbow!

Pescadores

Los niños pescando en las rocas,
con cañas y cordel.
Quieren Sardinas.

Los hombres pescando en los botes,
con red y las trampas.
Quieren langostas y cangrejos.

Los viejos pescando en la peninsula,
con mangas y carnada.
No quieren nada.

Kevin Burke '84

Fishermen

The kids fishing on the rocks,
with rods and string.
They want sardines.

The men fishing in the boats,
with nets and traps.
They want lobsters and crabs.

The old men fishing on the peninsula,
with fishing nets and bait.
They want nothing.

Coretta Scott King: Committed to His Dream

"The highest seat in Hell is reserved for those who remain silent."

"You have a responsibility to make a difference, to create a world working toward fulfillment of his [Martin Luther King, Jr.] dream." With these words, Coretta Scott King, widow of the late civil rights leader, challenged her audience to become involved in creating peace, justice, and brotherhood in their communities, through active but nonviolent means. Sixteen years after her husband's assassination, she remains the spokeswoman for the Nonviolent Movement for Social Change. Speaking to a predominantly black audience at Lorain County Community College, Mrs. King called upon all people, regardless of color, to unite in a concerted effort against injustice and oppression.

Born and raised in Marion, Alabama, Coretta Scott was the second of Obadiah and Bernice Scott's three children. Coretta attended Lincoln High School, where she graduated as valedictorian of her class. Both she and her older sister Edythe were among the first blacks to attend Antioch College in Yellow Springs, Ohio, in an unprecedented integration scholarship program. There she participated in several civil rights committees and received her degree in music. She continued her education at the New England Conservatory in the city of Boston, where she met her future husband. She is currently the president of Martin Luther King Center for Nonviolent Social Change with world headquarters in Atlanta, Georgia.

In light of the recent legislation providing for a Martin Luther King, Jr., national holiday, Mrs. King explained how such a holiday can aid the nonviolence training program through education. She sees a need for history books to be rewritten to include black-American leaders. Such revisions would serve to remove the biases and prejudices that have disgraced American history. In addition, the revisions would identify black heroes and leaders by whose example we might shape our destiny.

Mrs. King also emphasized political involvement as vital to the nonviolence movement. She stressed that voting is the most effective, although neglected, means of action. As she asserted, "The way to get change is to use that method—it works. If politicians know it is the will of the people, they will vote that way. You have to give politicians a reason to act." Mrs. King was especially concerned about today's youth, who, she feels, "don't appreciate the ballot." She maintained that voter registration drives among the young people are necessary for the success of the movement.

Martin Luther King effected social change by uniting and mobilizing people who believed in justice. He did so through a conditioning or training process, the same process Mrs. King still employs before beginning a civil rights campaign. The first step involves researching the city background with respect to social injustice. Then an educational phase must occur, that is, making the people aware of that research in order to gain "allies to the cause." After a personal commitment to solve the problem, negotiations may begin. If unsuccessful, the community is organized for direct action—picketing, rallies, marches, demonstrations, or boycotts. Regardless of the success or failure of a campaign, the final, and most important, step must take place—reconciliation. Through concern, love, and forgiveness, demonstrators must reestablish that lost sense of community. Martin Luther King learned of these methods from the teachings of

Gandhi. As Mrs. King exclaimed, "Christ was his motivation, Gandhi the method."

Mrs. King told her audience that one of the major problems confronting the nonviolence movement is public reluctance to become involved. People believe that they are not responsible for the problems of society. But she feels that, as human beings, we have a moral responsibility to do something about those problems. "The highest seat in Hell is reserved for those who remain silent in the midst of injustice. To remain silent makes you just as guilty as those who are working against progress."

Coretta Scott King, in addition to her work at the King Center, serves as a lobbyist in Atlanta. She believes that government should focus on what she calls the Four Evils—poverty, racism, war, and violence. Today's politicians, particularly the current administration, only create short-range solutions rather than effecting necessary changes. She sees an urgent need for relief for the hungry along with a commitment to full employment.

Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., in his famous "Love, Law, and Disobedience" speech, pointed out that the nonviolence movement is a movement based on faith in the future. And the future is now, stressed Coretta Scott King. All of us have a responsibility to unite in one great effort against social injustice. "The killer of the dream cut short his [Dr. King] mortal existence with a single bullet. But not all the bullets in the world or an arsenal can stop his spirit. Somehow, somewhere, there will be a person, maybe even someone in this room, who will pick up the torch and move us closer to the realization of his dream." □

William Kerner '84

To Dream

To look at the stars
To see a face
To hear a voice
To cherish the moment
To be mesmerized in thought

To awaken

Michael Becks '87

70
86

The Antique Shop

As I approached inquisitively the century-old building, I peered through the front window which displayed a mannequin wearing a Victorian dress and seated in an oak rocking chair. Opening the colorful leaded glass door, I was greeted by the charming jingle of brass chimes. The single room was a labyrinth of restored furniture and nostalgic collectibles.

I embarked on my trek through the maze by taking a path which veered to my right. It was lined with book shelves and library desks heaped with assorted textbooks and manuscripts that filled the air with a stale, musty odor. At the end of that path I turned left into a larger section that displayed nightstands and wash-tables at the sides of antique beds. Brightly colored patch-quilts were draped over the sides of spectacular brass beds. Shiny copper bed warmers adorned the walls. I touched the blue and white porcelain wash basin and felt its cool smoothness.

Following the path that seemed to become narrower and narrower, I turned again to my left into a section which displayed, on oak drop leaf tables, china in kitchen settings. Crystal chandeliers cast sparkles of light on the arrangement of etched dinnerware and fine old silver.

I made a final turn to the left into the last section of the shop, decorated with Royal Doultons, Hummel figurines, and an occasional Remington bronze. I was surrounded by the delicious fragrance of potpourri stored in large glass jars. Merry tunes from music boxes filled the air with delightful sounds that skipped and danced throughout the store.

As I walked towards the door, a fragile old lady sitting behind an antique cash register handed me a business card that read, "The Antique Shop," and added in her tiny sweet voice, "Come again." I read the card, looked up at her, and hastened to reply "I'm sure I will." Departing from this charming old hideaway and stepping into the noisy workaday world, I felt as if I were returning to the twentieth century once again. □

Gregory Zella '85

Peacekeeper

men peep over foxholes, knees trembling, grips weak;
they peer into twilight—their sights to align.
through glasses obscure, the enemy they seek,
reflections of self, not friend or foe, but life divine.

the day has exploded, the puptents are pitched,
the battle has ended, but no hill was taken.
O God! My poor Johnny died in a ditch!
O Allah! My Has-Amad's life forsaken!

the darkness roars into the gulf of tomorrow—
it breaks as the waves, envelops—consumes,
and softens the sharpness; the hard-bitten sight;
of fire-hollowed houses that reek of doom.

the rocket's red glare, the bombs burning bright,
the screams of young men resound in the night...
-

Chris Frantz '84

74
90

November World

It had been raining, and the November foliage gleamed, sodden and dead. The wet dark leaves carpeting the floor of the forest gave off a dank and musty smell.

The old man, stooped over his walking stick, moved slowly along the slippery puddled path and rubbed his cold wet nose in silent protest.

He had traveled this way before—many times. But it was different now, now that it was November. There were no birds or furry creatures hurrying about their business of gathering or digging or building or burying. No buzz of voices, no vestige of life stirred the tired earth.

It was autumn and the world was worn out.

His hands were cold. His feet were cold. He shivered, but not with cold. The world was waiting to die. The old man was waiting too.

He walked among the tall bare trees that stood like mourners at the world's wake. It was dark now. No sunshine dappled the dark earth with patterns of light and shade. The man stumbled on. Icy tears of rain poured from the dull gray infinity above. They stung his sunken cheeks and mingled with other tears.

Resurrection and new life would come to this forest and to this man, but only after the pain of November's dying and a long winter's sleep.

He would not walk this way again. □

Tom Morris '85

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Meadow Muddle

In the middle
Of a meadow
In a muddle
Life's a puzzle!

Doze a little
Good-by troubles
Wake with brambles
In my sandals.

Cast a pebble
In a puddle
Watch the ripples
Drift-drift-drifting.

Squirrels scurry
Bouncing blurry
Walnut worries
Make them hurry.

Windswept willows
Weeping hello's
"Cheer up, fellows!"
Cry the sparrow.

Stones that cover
I turn over
If I wonder
What lies under.

Sit supposing
Sweet reposing
My eyes . . . are closing
Again I'm dozing!

Chill winds blowing
Shadows growing
I wake knowing
I must be going.

Good-by meadow
Hello muddle
Back tomorrow
If I'm able.

Gregory Van Niel '84

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Now Ideas of Now People...

Flight '84 continues a distinctive feature which began with the 1969 edition, soliciting the written contributions of eminent literary figures and other famous living persons. Ideas of thinking men and women of any age command attention, especially ideas addressed to young people. The following excerpts were written especially for *Flight* and are addressed to the students of St. Edward High School. They do not necessarily represent the thinking of St. Edward High School or the *Flight* staff. These thoughts, some perhaps even controversial, shou rnish challenging substance for our thinking. We are proud to include them in this year's literary magazine.

HOOVER INSTITUTION
ON WAR, REVOLUTION AND PEACE
STANFORD, CALIFORNIA 94305

We believe that the greatest challenge facing young adults to-

day is to preserve their integrity as individuals responsible for

themselves and not succumb to the temptation of blaming "soci-

ety" for any bad fortune or expecting "society" to provide for them

Sincerely yours,

Milton Friedman

Rose Friedman

The foremost conservative economist in the United States today is Milton Friedman, the University of Chicago professor of economics, who remains the unbowed defender of the old-fashioned "quantity" theory of money. According to that theory, the dominant factor in the shaping of economic events is the amount of money in existence and, particularly, in circulation. The Keynesian philosophy of government now prevailing in major Western countries, on the contrary, pays little attention to the monetary policy, relying chiefly on fiscal regulation, the manipulation of taxes and federal spending, as a weapon against recession and inflation. It is a rare phenomenon that a book on economics becomes a national best seller, but *Free to Choose: A Personal Statement*, by Milton Friedman with his wife Rose, also an economist, recently earned that distinction. Friedman identifies the villain of runaway inflation as the printing presses of the U.S. Mint. "There is no example of a substantial inflation . . . not accompanied by a . . . rapid increase in the quantity of money . . . The Fed has the power to control the quantity of money . . ." He is also a columnist for *Newsweek* and the author or co-author of some dozen books, including the massive and monumental work, in 1963, *A Monetary History of the United States, 1867-1960*. His expertise in his field has earned for Milton Friedman recognition as a Nobel Laureate in economics. Their latest works are *Bright Promises, Dismal Performance: An Economist's Protest*, in 1983, by Milton, and *Tyranny of the Status Quo*, in 1984, by Milton and Rose.

EBBLE THATCH BOWERCHALKE
SALISBURY WILTSHIRE
BROAD CHALKE 275

It seems to me that the greatest challenge facing the writer today – in view of the propaganda, lies, misrepresentations and sheer mass of information available to him and indeed inescapable – is to find out what he really believes and to stick to that, no matter what happens. Follow the truth whithersoever it leadeth.

With best wishes

William Golding

Flight '84 is honored to include this contribution from the 1983 Nobel prize in literature laureat, William Golding, who joins several other Nobel Prize laureates who have written for past issues of *Flight*. Golding is the first Nobel literature award to a Briton since Winston Churchill earned the recognition in 1953. About this, Golding commented, "In a sense one can say I'm in extraordinary company." Golding, now 72, wrote stories as early as seven. The son of a distinguished educator, Alec Golding, at first he read science in compliance with his parents' wishes, but then rebelled and switched to English and discovered Anglo-Saxon literature, a major influence on his own work. He joined the family line of distinguished educators and entered teaching. With the outbreak of World War II, Golding served in the Royal Navy aboard cruisers and destroyers, present at the sinking of the German battleship *Bismarck* — his war experiences confirming his feelings about human brutishness. He returned to teaching and wrote novels in his spare time. He began his professional writing career with the publication in 1954 of his best-known novel *Lord of the Flies*, the nightmarish story of a group of English school boys stranded on an island, tracing their degeneration from a state of innocence to one of blood lust and savagery. It became one of America's best-selling paperbacks and rivals Salinger in the esteem of high school and college students in the sixties, when much of the generation grappled with the agony of the Vietnam War. Later works include *The Inheritors*, *Pincher Martin*, *Free Fall*, *The Spire*, *The Pyramid*, and *The Scorpion God*. Golding continued to teach. An interesting comment about his life-long pursuit: "I think boys have an infinite capacity for irreverence." *Lord*'s popularity enabled him to retire from teaching and to write full-time in Ebble Thatch, his 400-year-old cottage near Salisbury, where he lives with his wife Ann. A successful motion picture of *Lord of the Flies* was released in 1963. London *Times* literary editor Philip Howard called William Golding one of the three great living British novelists, along with Graham Greene and Anthony Burgess. Golding comments: "The greatest pleasure is not — say — sex or geometry. It is just understanding. And if you can get people to understand their own humanity — well, that's the job of the writer."

360 WEST 22ND ST., 7-M
NEW YORK, N. Y. 10011
NOVEMBER 8, 1983

Your question is an easy one on the surface but a difficult one for me since I have never been sure why I write poetry. It is probably an attempt to make sense of the confusing spectacle of life that is happening around us at any given moment. Perhaps make sense is too bold a term: to call attention to it as accurately as possible before it disappears might be a better way of saying it. Though, again, this "force" is mysterious to me. Perhaps the main reason I write is because I enjoy doing it and am unable to do anything else.

Sincerely yours,

John Ashbery

The intellectual precocity of poet John Ashbery was recognized early. Scoring highest in a current events contest, he won an anthology of poetry that led him to the discovery that rhyme is not essential to verse. Before he was sixteen he was made one of "The Quiz Kids," the popular radio program of the 1940's that starred gifted children. As a freshman at Harvard, he was named class poet, and as a member of the editorial board of the university's undergraduate literary magazine, he began longtime friendships with two eminent poets, Kenneth Koch and Frank O'Hara. His honors thesis concerned W. H. Auden, whose work influenced Ashbery's poems. In an odd coincidence, W. H. Auden, Ashbery's honors thesis subject, was sole judge in the 1955 selection of Ashbery's *Some Trees* as winner of the Yale Younger Poets competition. There began a long series of poetry volumes that have earned him countless honors and prizes. He studied experimental writing and painting while living for long periods in France, and for many years he also worked for leading art periodicals as critic and editor. He became regarded as the foremost representative of the "New York Poets," with Barbara Guest, Kenneth Koch, Frank O'Hara, and James Schuyler, all of whom were involved in art, poetry, fiction, drama, and publishing. The year 1976 was one of special recognition for poet John Ashbery. For his twelfth volume of poems, *Self-Portrait in a Convex Mirror*, he won, in rapid succession, the National Book Critics Circle prize, the National Book Award for poetry, and the 1976 Pulitzer Prize for poetry. In addition to his 1976 honors, Ashbery has won many other awards over the years: the Poet's Foundation grant, the Ingram Merrill Foundation grant twice, *Poetry* magazine's Harriet Monroe Poetry Award, two Guggenheim fellowships, a National Institute of Arts and Letters award, and a Shelley Award from the Poetry Society of America. *Poetry* magazine predicted of Ashbery that he might "dominate the last third of the century as Yeats . . . dominated the first." Ashbery still publishes regularly. He is always difficult, at first glance and also at second. He now teaches at Brooklyn College. An extremely private person, *Flight '84* feels fortunate at having acquired John Ashbery's contribution.

R. BUCKMINSTER FULLER
3508 MARKET STREET, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA 19104, U.S.A.
215 - 387-5400 CABLE: "BUCKY"

You ask, "What do you think is the greatest challenge facing young people today as they prepare to assume their caretakership of this world?"

From my viewpoint, by afar the greatest challenge facing the young people today is that of responding and conforming only to their own most delicately insistent intuitive awarenesses of what the truth seems to them to be as based on their own experiences and not on what others have interpreted to be the truth regarding events of which neither they nor others have experience-based knowledge.

This also means not yielding unthinkingly to "in" movements or to crowd psychology. This involves assessing thoughtfully one's own urges. It involves understanding but not being swayed by the spontaneous group spirit of youth. It involves thinking before acting in every instance. It involves eschewing all loyalties to other than the truth and love through which the cosmic integrity and absolute wisdom we identify inadequately by the name "God" speaks to each of directly, – and speaks only through our individual awareness of truth and our most spontaneous and powerful emotions of love and compassion.

The whole complex of omni-interaccommodative generalized principles thus far found by science to be governing all the behaviors of universe altogether manifest an infallible wisdom's interconsiderate, unified design, ergo an a priori intellectual integrity conceptioning, as well as a human intellect discoverability.

That is why youth's self-preparation for planetary caretakership involves commitment to comprehensive concern only with all humanity's wellfaring; all the experimentally demonstrable, mathematically generalized principles thus far discovered by humans; and all the special case truths as we progressively discover them – the universally favorable synergetic consequences of which integrating commitments, unpredictable by any of those commitments when they are considered only separately may well raise the curtain on a new and universally propitious era of humans in universe.

The motto of Milton Academy, the Harvard preparatory school I attended was "Dare to be True." In the crowd psychology and mores of that pre-World War One period, the students interpreted this motto as a challenge rather than an admonition, ergo, as "Dare to tell the truth as you see it and you'll find yourself in trouble. Better to learn how the story goes that everybody accepts, and stick with that." Ralph Waldo Emerson said, "Poetry means saying the most important things in the simplest way." I might have answered your letter in a much more poetical way by quoting only the motto of three hundred and forty year old Harvard University, "Veritas" — (Vere-i-tas) - meaning progressively minimizing the magnitude of our veering to one side or the other of the star by which we steer whose pathway to us is delicately reflected on the sea of life and along whose twinkling stepping stone path we attempt to travel toward that which is God. Toward truth so exquisite as to be dimensionless, yet from

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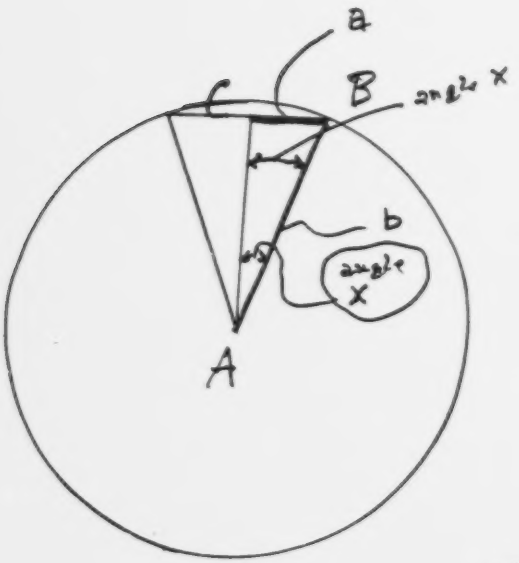
moment to moment so reinformative as to guarantee the integrity of eternally regenerative scenario universe.

Veritas — it will never be superceded [sic].

Faithfully Yours,

R. Buckminster Fuller

THE SINE of X = $\frac{a}{b}$



THE SINE of angle X = $\frac{a}{b}$ (CAB i.e. ∧)

6.

AND IN ALL TRIGONOMETRIC [illegible] ALL THE NUMERICAL VALUES OF TRIGONOMETRIC FUNCTIONS THE NUMBER b of the circle (whose [illegible] the hypotenuse of the right triangle ABC) IS ALWAYS CONSIDERED TO HAVE A LENGTH OF 1 [illegible], UNITY)

R. Buckminster Fuller has been regarded as one of the unique world figures of this century. Inventor, engineer, architect, mathematician, cartographer, scientist, environmentalist, philosopher, poet, educator, world planner, futurist — his wide range of interests has hailed him the second Leonardo da Vinci and the "First Citizen of the Twenty-first Century." A descendent of the famous Fuller family which first settled in New England in the 1630's, his distinguished ancestors included Timothy Fuller, a distinguished Massachusetts legislator; Margaret Fuller, the noted transcendentalist critic, social reformer, and feminist; and Roger Wolcott, a royal governor of the colony of Connecticut. Even in his final years he continued to search, unsuccessfully, for the buried gravestones of his ancestors on Martha's Vineyard on Cape Cod. At Milton Academy he did well in science and mathematics but chafed at its traditional rules and teaching methods. He did not feel at home in the socially stratified atmosphere of Harvard and was expelled for "irregular conduct" after a spree in New York. Readmitted, he was expelled again for "lack of sustained interest in the processes with the university," thus ending his formal education.

There began a series of jobs, placements, and positions which resulted in a litany of creations and achievements that leave the mind boggled or send it reeling. Most will remember him for his revolutionary geodesic dome. Some 200,000 of these elegant structures, a complex of alternating squares and triangles which produce a phenomenal strength-to-weight ratio, dot landscapes from Equatorial Africa to the top of New Hampshire's Mount Washington. While serving as research professor at Southern Illinois University, Fuller became a hero of the counterculture, which found in his philosophy and in his World Game — a computerized interplay designed to predict and presolve problems of distribution of the world's resources — new ways of understanding some of the decade's major problems. Fuller held over 2,000 patents. There is his pole-suspended Dymaxion House and his three-wheeled, rear-engined, streamlined Dymaxion car. His Dymaxion Air-ocean World Map, which projected a spherical world as a flat surface with no visible distortion, became the first cartographic projection of the world ever to be granted a United States patent. Some of his projects have been slow in gaining acceptance, some had to be abandoned for lack of funds or otherwise: a proposal to abandon present-day Harlem entirely upon completion of fifteen towers that would house 110,000 volunteer families; his plan to cover midtown New York City with a dome two miles in diameter that would greatly reduce Manhattan's energy loss; a proposed tetrahedronal floating city; a breakwater for the Navy to be used for turning waves into energy. Fuller believed that the ultimate solution to energy shortages lie in such projects as wind-powered generators and world-connected power grids. "We don't have any energy crisis. We just have a crisis of ignorance."

More than a million copies of Fuller's books have been sold. He made his mark as a poet, as evidenced by Harvard's appointing him to the Charles Eliot Norton chair of poetry in 1962-63 and his three books of verse. He even composed his own lengthy "Our Father" prayer. But Fuller's *magnum opus* may be his massive two-volume *Synergetics: Explorations in the Geometry of Thinking. Newsweek* called the labyrinthian cosmology "a forbidding work" but a "major intellectual achievement" about language, thought, and the universe.

Until his death on July 1, 1983, this little figure of only five feet two, with massive head, crewcut white hair, blue eyes magnified owlishly by heavy lenses, and hearing aids on both ears could delight for hours on end audiences of old and young alike, who would flock to his lectures. "Bucky," as he was affectionately known, succeeded in communicating a sense of wonder about everything. Someone observed that "vectors radiate from where he stands." Fuller often commented about his faith in youth. "Young people are in love with truth . . . . I'm not disappointed with young people. They are concerned with life on this planet, and they hold the keys to the future." Studs Terkel once arranged for him to address the Young Lords, an activist Puerto Rican gang in inner-city Chicago. Bucky was right at home. He traveled over 200,000 miles a year. Though his body weakened, his mind drove and supported him. Forty-eight honorary degrees and countless honors and awards did not dent his remarkable humility. He was a genius but not an unfathomable one, able to generate, still, a mixture of love and common sense. When asked once if he believed in God, Fuller replied wittily, "Well, old man, there seems to be *some* sort of intelligence at work here!" It was difficult to think sloppily when Bucky was around.

The contribution of R. Buckminster Fuller is just a small portion of a long correspondence carried on with *Flight* in 1975-1976. The correspondence was to have been published in an article in the *Saturday Review*, but for many reasons, largely our own, publication did not materialize. *Flight* is deeply grateful to the family of R. Buckminster Fuller for their courteous permission to publish these words of Mr. Fuller.

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Commendation . . .

is extended to the following Edsmen whose work received a high rating from the editorial staff but which could not be included in this issue of ***Flight*** for lack of space:

Poetry

Paul Accordino '85
Matthew Balazy '86
Pete Biltz '85
Jeff Birkas '86
Timothy Boehnlein '85
Gary Bouch '87
Brian Carr '86
Phillip Coury '86
Jeff Diemer '84
Timothy Fagan '86
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George Evangelista '85
Louis Scavnicky '87

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John Guardi '84 — *Editor*

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